JOHN BULL, week ending March 11, 1944

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXV. 1969

3D EVERY THURSDAY

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Cooking by the CLOCK

Time is extra precious today, and wartime housewives must cook by the clock. Here are menus for six nourishing and appetising meals, all of which can be prepared and cooked in one hour. Here too are some main dishes for lunch, supper or for high-tea, none of which take more than half an hour to make.

ONE-HOUR MEALS

1 Potato soup.
Tinned fish with home-made salad dressing.

2 Cabbage and bacon stew with mashed potatoes.
Poor Knight's Fritters.*

3 Savoury omelette and salad.
Steamed sponge pudding in small moulds.

4 Vegetable stew with sausage meat dumplings.
Coffee custard.*

5 Shepherd's potatoes, carrots with parsley or watercress.
Chocolate rice pudding (top of stove).*

6 Mince Floddies, greens.
Padded pudding.*

** If you haven't kept these recipes from former Food Facts send a post-card marked leaflet 191 to the Ministry of Food.*

LISTEN TO THE KITCHEN FRONT TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY AND FRIDAY, at 8.15 a.m.

HALF-HOUR DISHES

Quick Potato and Leek Stew

Ingredients: 1 lb. potatoes, 1 leek, 1 teaspoonful sage, salt and pepper, water, small piece of dripping. *Quantity:* 2 helpings. *Method:* Slice the potatoes very thinly, wash and slice the leek. Grease the frying pan and put in the leek and potatoes in layers, with sage and seasoning sprinkled between. Cover with hot water. Cover with saucepan lid or tin plate. Cook for 15 minutes. Serve with grated cheese.

Chinese Omelette

Ingredients: 3 oz. finely chopped American luncheon meat or sausage meat, 2 oz. raw grated carrot or parsnip, 2 reconstituted dried eggs, 2 oz. finely chopped celery, 1 small minced onion, salt and pepper to taste. *Quantity:* 4 helpings. *Method:* Mix the ingredients and drop spoonfuls into hot fat. Fry till brown on both sides. Serve with boiled rice and thick brown gravy.

MADE IN TEN MINUTES

Savoury Toast

Ingredients: 4 oz. cheese, 4 oz. parsnips, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 1 teaspoonful dried mustard, 3 slices of toast. *Quantity:* 3 helpings. *Method:* Grate cheese and parsnips and mix together. Blend vinegar and mustard, cheese and parsnips, pile on the toast and brown under grill.

FOOD FACTS

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 191

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JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, March 11, 1944,
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"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true."

CUT PRICE

● "The nation couldn't possibly afford it." That is usually the Die-hards' objection to any proposal that would brighten and ease the life of millions. And usually it is false.

Its absurdity has just been proved again.

Last week, JOHN BULL demanded a big extension of electricity schemes—a national plan to provide cheap current for industry and every home in the land.

Last week, too, by a coincidence, one of the biggest supply authorities challenged the vested interests which believe in supplying a little service at fabulously high rates.

And in its statement it went on to reveal that charges for electricity in country districts can be brought down to those in the towns at a cost of less than one-twentieth of a penny a unit to present customers.

So much for those who argue that it wouldn't be "economic" to charge country-dwellers less than ninepence or tenpence a unit!

But the Government's attitude is still uncertain. The Scott Report, which advocated cheap electricity for town and country consumers alike, was issued in August, 1942.

And the Cabinet still hasn't made up its mind what to do about it!

Straight from the Shoulder

BREAK UP

AFTER Finland, **Bulgaria.** And after **Bulgaria, Rumania** will make her exit from the theatre of war. There are signs that she is already seeking to do so.

Even Hungary, despite her difficult position, is trying quietly to sidle into the wings.

What Does It Mean?

It would be unwise to say more at this juncture. Except this: The present moves could be hastened and would have come earlier if Britain, the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R. co-ordinated and intensified their political warfare

Plainly, Russia has little liking for the phrase "Unconditional Surrender." Nor has it proved an effective weapon. Why not agree upon a formula which would have more meaning and more chance of success?

No Fire

As for the Turks, they have withheld their fire so long that there is no point in sending them more armaments that we could use to better purpose elsewhere. In the case of other neutrals, too (as J. G. G. advocates on page 8), we must now judge by deeds rather than by words.

No Withdrawal

And if the Balkan landslide is evidence of the Axis breaking-up, it is no less clear that German armies are being broken in Russia.

So sensational are the Russians' victories, so continual is their surging advance, that some "experts" suggest a deliberate German withdrawal.

That is quite untrue.

Not An Inch

The Germans are not withdrawing. They are retreating.

They are being forced to do so by the best artillery in the world, by masses of tanks, by first-class infantry—and by superior strategy.

They may be saving a fair amount of equipment as they reel back. But they are not voluntarily giving up an inch of ground. And their attempts to stand still are costing them bitterly in manpower.

Major Campaign

Nor can they solace their people by news of "successes" in Italy. On this front, too, no quarter is given; the enemy is using some of his best troops, and probably more than twenty divisions in all.

The force confronting him is certainly much less, and in fire-power we are clearly superior.

Sky High

In the air, of course, we are not satisfied with superiority. We are aiming at supremacy, at crippling the *Luftwaffe* throughout Europe.

And we look like doing it.

Wait for It!

Given freedom from mist over our home bases, our round-the-clock bombing this month will be more intensive and more sustained than ever.

There could be no better preparation for the "Second Front."

As for the enemy's raids on this country, it is clear that his bomber force is not large enough for a sustained campaign—and certainly not enough to disrupt our military plans!

Ready for Action

Judging by General Dittmar's grim broadcasts, the Germans are not underestimating the military might assembled in Britain. Nor is there any tendency here to underrate the resistance we shall encounter on the Continent.

The latest calculation gives the enemy some forty-five divisions in France; no doubt half that number could be deployed against any bridgehead within a week. A formidable force!

No Longer Secret

But among the reasons for Allied confidence is that the Germans are talking too much of their defence arrangements. It is now plain that they boasted too highly of their "secret weapons," for those they have lately directed against us have failed miserably.

Glider bombs and beetle tanks have gone the way of the U-boat.

We Have Some

On the other hand, our own commanders have shrewdly said nothing of the surprises they have up their sleeves. And we may hope they will continue silent.

"THE GERMANS ARE PREPARING NEW MEANS OF ATTACK ON THIS COUNTRY"—

The Prime Minister in the House of Commons, 22.2.44.

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Hanging Together

We should be as wise to keep quiet about the oft-repeated clashes between Hitler and his generals.

Mr. Churchill said they "meant to hang together." All available evidence since he spoke confirms that opinion.

Nor is there any proof of opposition from the German people.

Dazed, Not Down

They are dazed by our bombing, yes. They are war-weary, of course. But they are far from starving—farther still from revolt.

We must reckon on having to increase our pressure against them—with psychological as well as steel-forged weapons!

Less Travel

Such pressure means the transport of huge masses of supplies. And though we have added millions of tons to our shipping reserves owing to our successes against the U-boats, we still can't afford to waste shipping space.

Demands on our railways are equally great. Hence the decision that no extra holiday trains can be run this summer—and the need to avoid unnecessary travel at all times.

It's Great News

Little is said of the appalling supply difficulties in the Far East But the way they are being overcome is a triumph of organisation. And the military actions thus made possible also deserve more attention than is given to them in Britain.

The island outposts of Japan are crumbling. Large numbers of Japanese troops are cut off. The great base at Rabaul has been rendered useless by a brilliant outflanking movement. The enemy's merchant shipping has been halved within a year.

Salute to Him

From the many engagements in the South Pacific one Allied commander stands out in clear relief.

At the time of the Philippines we all paid tribute to MacArthur as a gallant general. We now see him as a great one.

World Board

In his native land a significant pointer to after-the-war conditions has emerged. Some Britons have feared that American businessmen would pursue a policy of selfish market-grabbing. But their National Association of Manufacturers has come out in favour of a World Board of Trade.

Co-operation

This would be an international agency to collect facts and recommend international agreements on trade matters.

In short, American manufacturers are plumping for international co-operation rather than international throat-cutting. Their counterparts in Britain are taking a similar plunge.

Grounds for Hope

The second scheme proposed by the Federation of British Industries is much preferable to its first attempt It, too, seems to have adopted many of the ideas of the World Trade Alliance—and the Alliance surely won't object to that.

But, however encouraging are these pronouncements, they are unofficial.

Moreover, they fall short of a practical world plan that could and should be agreed upon by Governments.

Broad Basis

It is a good sign that more and more people are realising the need for such official action

There is another gleam of hope that the next Peace will be more permanent and prosperous than the last JOHN BULL predicts that the International Labour Office, when it meets in the U.S.A., will not confine itself to wages and working conditions but will discuss their basis of economics and world commerce.

Call-Up

In this country labour is faced by a further and more drastic call-up It is necessary for the final phase of the war; no less so is the demand to increase the nation's food supply.

The Land Army is being enlarged It should also be assured of better organisation and more scope; this year's harvest must be made even bigger than was reaped last year

Barley from Bread

Inevitably, there is comment on the decision to stop using barley as an ingredient of the national loaf But one all-important fact has been ignored

The ban will mean more feeding-stuff for livestock—pigs, cows and perhaps poultry—and we require those as well as bread!

Soldier's Pay

Also under discussion again is the question of Service pay. Having said so much on this subject in the past, JOHN BULL will merely add that this country, even now, is not so poor that the men who are fighting and dying for her should be made to endure poverty!

(Continued overleaf)

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

LET the politicians chatter their heads off about getting on with the job. Let the more reactionary among them try to gag all talk of Britain after the peace.

They will never stop the ordinary man from dreaming of the future. Harmless dreams, perhaps hopeless dreams, come oftener in this fifth year of war to the man at the lathe, to the soldier at his training

Fine Dreams

And to the airman. . . . A leading-aircraftman stationed in Northamptonshire has had a fine dream. He suggests that instead of spending millions of pounds on war memorials in the years to come we should build a brand new city as a lasting memorial. A city that would be an example to all rebuilders.

Everything Good

Invitations from the best brains in the country would invigorate every trade and profession, he says.

Everything good and beautiful could be incorporated. Work would be provided for armies of men. Model houses could be offered to the families of those who had lost their lives in the fighting. Model industries could help to finance the plan.

Our Memorial

Is it all idle dreaming? Not in the least. It's already been estimated that after the war this country will need 250 new towns.

Why not have one as an example to all others? Why not have a war memorial that will express the feelings and hopes of all the men and women who are going through the misery of this struggle?

Slights for Forces

In the meantime, the men in uniform are getting as many slights as promises. Pretty low down in the list of insults was the suggestion not long ago that troops should be kept on after the war to repair bomb-damaged towns.

And there's the constant refusal to provide places where a soldier can take a civilian friend when he's got a few hours off duty The public-house is about the only hope, because all Service canteens and Y.M.C.A.s are banned to the man in ordinary clothes.

Pips Needed

Yet another insult to the man in uniform is the attitude of the more expensive restaurants which refuse to have anything to do with a Service customer unless he's got at least a pip on his shoulder or a ring on his arm.

West End Ban

A reader recently employed as a booking clerk at a well-known West End restaurant tells us that he was ordered to reserve tables only for officers.

It was as much as his job was worth to let other ranks into the place.

Chaperons Wanted

One more example of this stupid snobbery. . .

A private in the Royal Dental Corps has written to his wife from a Middle East hospital where he's serving to tell her that a play they were going to put on had to be cancelled. The reason was that there wasn't an officer in the cast and the matron of the hospital would not let any of her sisters take part. Presumably they would not be considered safe unless an officer were present.

A very nice thing for any wife at home to hear about.

Word is Law

The director of a Midlands firm is in charge of firewatching. He has stopped 9d out of his employees' three shillings subsistence allowance, to pay for a wireless licence in the watcher's hut.

What's more, he has let it be known that things would be very awkward for anyone who objected.

Early One Morning

A Kent reader tells us that he saw a farmer leave his tractor running for over an hour recently while a load was being got ready.

It was a cold morning and the farmer probably thought it would be difficult to start up again if he switched his engine off.

So it might have been difficult, maybe uncomfortable, on an icy morning. But the men who bring our petrol have to put up with lots of difficulties. Not to mention discomfort.

Out of Order

Compare this petrol waste with an example of silly niggardliness among the N.F.S.—a body that hasn't won any particular fame for petrol economy.

When the Luftwaffe came back to London one N.F.S. station was caught with four fire pumps out of five unusable because the batteries were run down.

Station hadn't been supplied with enough petrol to keep them charged—and had no facilities for charging them off the mains.

Couldn't Help

No doubt some red tape rule was the reason for the mix-up. And this week hasn't gone by without some other choice examples of red tape at work. . . .

A man was injured in January in a road accident. His Approved Society asked for particulars, including names of witnesses. A special constable attached to the Derbyshire police was on the spot within a few minutes. He could not help.

Passed Along

The relatives of the injured man have been to the local police constable, to the police station and to the county police headquarters. They were refused all information until at last it was suggested that they paid 10s. for an extract from the police report.

We do not say all this is not strictly in accordance with the rules. What we do say is that the rules seem very foolish.

Still Waiting

Worse, perhaps, is the experience of a Sheffield man, a member of two sick clubs, who has had to take a month off duty.

He had to make five visits to his doctor, have five panel notes signed, send five notes to his employer and ten to the sick clubs. He had to pay for fifteen notes from his doctor (who was decent enough to charge half-rate). He had to write nineteen letters and make twelve bus journeys.

At the end of it all he was still waiting for his first week's panel pay.

Keeping Busy

One more bit of red tape. . . . A Shepperton reader retired owing £14 14s. balance of income tax. He paid £10 and got a receipt. At the end of December the collector asked for the rest and was paid.

Six weeks went by. Then came a demand for the odd £4 14s. Another two days' pause. Then a demand for the original £10.

In future we shall believe all the Inland Revenue people say about being overworked.

Good News

One morning not long ago the postman brought good news to Mr. L. Morley at his home in Newlyn, Cornwall. News that he was to be granted 10s. a week supplementary pension and drafts for £13 10s. for back pay while the Ministry of Pensions was haggling.

Morley has written to thank us—because it was JOHN BULL that got him the money.

Oh, No, You Don't

From several cases reported to us it seems that the Ministry is trying to refuse supplements to pensions unless a man is *permanently* unemployable. That's what they tried to do with Mr. Morley.

But we won't have it. There is nothing in the Government's White Paper rules about a man having to be *permanently* unemployable.

Word Missing

In the Ministry of Pensions "Notes for Disabled Ex-Servicement," sent to every man when his first pension award is notified, there occurs this sentence. . . .

"Seriously disabled pensioners who are unemployable on account of their pensionable disablement may be eligible for a supplement of 10s. a week."

There's nothing about "*permanently* disabled" there.

A Move On

Congratulations to the local authorities at Beckenham, Kent. A colleague called the other week to ask if he could have an indoor air raid shelter. He was received by a most efficient young woman.

Within a couple of days he had word that the shelter was ready for delivery. And it was promptly delivered. No dallying there.

TWO OF THE 70,000

These girls and the other 69,998 in the Land Army will form the labour backbone of this year's food campaign. But 70,000 girls are not enough. The Land Army can take 500 recruits a week, and it's good news that the Ministry of Labour has decided to help by lifting the restrictions in industrial areas. Girls between seventeen and nineteen who live in these districts are now to be allowed to go in for farm work if they're not wanted in the factories.

★

One point to watch, though: JOHN BULL had several complaints last year that the Land Army girls were not always well treated in some of the isolated farms. And they found that the farmer's word was always taken against theirs. It's up to the County Agricultural Committees to see that there's no cause for complaint this year.

Tea-Time Tale

A worker at a war factory was fi[ned] the other day for throwing tea over [a] foreman. Evidence showed that work[ers] were supplied with cups of tea but w[ere] not allowed to drink until the foreman gave a signal.

Complaint of tea-thrower: foreman delayed signal until his tea was cold.

Throwing tea is probably very naugh[ty] but what are you to expect if grown-[ups] are treated as children?

Nursery—New Style

And have you heard that Roch[dale] has adopted a new idea for children?

After the war, a hotel there will h[ave] a separate playroom for children to use while their parents are tak[ing] refreshment. An experienced wo[man] will supervise it; toys, books and [pic]tures will be provided, with swings in an [out]door playground.

Times Change

Some temperance fanatics will [say] that the brighter our pubs are made, the more people will drink. Yet a cent[ury] ago London alone had 50,000 gin pal[aces] and their discomfort coincided [with] drunkenness that would alarm us to-day.

So there seems no reason for making the public house a place [to] a man can decently take his family.

BEHIND THE NEWS

- **Return to the Reich of evacuees from Russia, the Baltic countries, and even South-Eastern Europe, is causing confusion to the Nazi authorities, who can't cope with terror-struck people.**

- *Conflict between Bulgarian troops of occupation and Greek quisling government is threatening to develop into open feud, hampering Axis defence measures in the Balkans. Nazi agent Neubacher is trying to compose the quarrel.*

- Kaltenbrunner, Heydrich's successor as Chief of the Gestapo and the Nazi Security Service, has travelled to all European capitals to check up on German diplomats.

- **Change in German Command in Norway, following developments in Finland, is expected. General Falkenhorst's position as German C.I.C. is regarded as untenable.**

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

By THE EDITOR

THE FIGHTING MAN'S HOME

PEOPLE cannot live on promises; homeless families of to-day can find no comfort in the assurance that there will be "homes for all" after the war is won.

Mr. Henry Willink, Minister of Health, is the n chiefly responsible for housing the war time pulation.

He took on his big job last November, and s just said in an interview: "This is not the e for talk: it is the time for action."

JOHN BULL agrees. And we invite Mr. Willink consider the following cases in which prompt ion was called for but was not forthcoming:

Mrs. J. Mason, a soldier's wife with three children, recently had to go to the workhouse. She could find no other shelter in the Watford district, even though she had the money to pay for it.

Officialdom did nothing for this woman. But, answer to a clergyman's appeal for help, offers hospitality came in from twenty-six kindly ople, some of them living in homes none too for themselves.

Mrs. E. J. Baker, another Serviceman's wife, s living with her nine children in a cottage in Lowestoft district. This home had two bedms and an attic.

The farmer-owner claimed it for one of his wmen, and but for an appeal by Gunner ker's commanding officer an eviction order ght have been issued.

Twice this gunner had been granted comssionate leave to find another home for his ge family. Twice he failed to do so.

We share his C.O.'s opinion that it is not ight for "a man who will shortly be fighting ody and soul for his country" to be subected to such terrible worry and anxiety.

It is not right. But it is not unusual.

Thus, it came about recently that the wives d families of seventeen Servicemen sought uge in a derelict and condemned Greenock lement.

One of the women had previously been living her mother's "house"—ten people in one m and kitchen!

Now this tenement—let Mr. Willink please e—had been acquired by the Corporation for molition nine years ago. Then it was heduled for repair," and the squatters of litz Hotel" were ordered to quit.

We do not dispute that eviction orders must metimes be made or that farm workers should e first call upon farm cottages.

But we insist that no family should be left meless by any official Act or Court order.

We insist that no decent family should e evicted before alternative accommodation found.

Even if this means putting up a prefabricated house—or converting a disused mansion or factory into flats!

We demand that there shall be no repetition he Pattison disgrace.

Stanley Pattison, a miner broken down in lth and fit only for non-manual work, was cted a year ago from his miner's cottage near ncaster.

For three weeks he and his wife and five ldren slept in air raid shelters or anywhere y could; then a neighbour let them have a gle room to live in.

And they were ordered out of that last Box Day. Luckily, a national newspaper took up r case, and, almost at once, they were given a ncil house.

But Pattison had applied for one four years viously—and he alleges that council houses been let in the meanwhile to childless ples

Publicity sometimes works wonders with the official mind. Mr. Willink may remember how Private Gerald Fitzgerald told Trowbridge County Court that he was prepared "to leave the Army to defend his mother's home."

The mother was a widow, bombed out of her London dwelling. Then she was ordered to give up the cottage she had found near Westbury because it was needed for a farm worker.

We are not surprised, seeing how widely this case was reported, that Mrs. Fitzgerald was found another home in the district.

But it is surprising—or ought to be—that weeks later the cottage from which she was evicted was still unoccupied.

Less fortunate than Mrs. Fitzgerald was a Lincolnshire farm labourer, who hurt his foot while at work and had to take to his bed.

The farmer-owner of his cottage applied three times for his eviction. Eventually, the injured farm hand was taken to court by car and carried into the courtroom—to be told to quit.

In our own columns we recently cited the case of a man whose house was condemned and pulled down the day after his wife came out of hospital with a fortnight-old baby.

The parents and their five children were forced to live for some time in an old shed in the open fields!

But we have no space to prolong this tragic record of individual suffering and official indifference.

"This is not the time for talk; it is the time for action"—and Mr. Willink should get busy at once.

We know there are not the men or the materials for an immediate start on big housing plans.

We know how long it took Mr. Brown to run up a pair of new cottages for farm labourers as an instalment of the 30,000 promised.

And we are impatiently aware that the Government has not yet laid the legislative foundation for a truly national housing programme.

But there are some things which could be done quickly to relieve the present shortage.

Many roomy houses in good condition are standing empty. Some have been reserved for air raid contingencies; far more, in our opinion, than we can reasonably afford to reserve in districts where overcrowding is already rampant.

In some London areas decorators have been at work on houses which have been empty ever since their owners left them during the 1940-41 air raids.

Now the owners, thinking the war may soon end, are having these houses made ready for their return.

Why not prepare them instead for immediate occupation by bombed-out families and others who are homeless through no fault of their own?

The Ministry of Health should not hesitate to requisition empty houses anywhere if they will afford shelter to those who have none.

Nor should billeting officers hesitate to demand room for the homeless wherever it may be available.

BUT they do. It is notorious that in many areas war workers and "blitz" refugees have not been billeted in the bigger houses.

True, some occupiers of these houses have cheerfully volunteered to take in their less fortunate neighbours. But it is also true that some local "big-wigs" think themselves much too big to be "bothered."

It takes courage for a local billeting officer to compel these selfish, comfort-loving, influential householders to open their doors to homeless families. But courage is necessary nowadays.

There are even magistrates who would be ready to sign eviction orders without compunction, yet would be horrified if the victims of their own Court's orders were given shelter under their own roofs.

If war's emergency should compel the authorities to turn any British family out of its home, then the least that we as a community of free people should demand is for alternative accommodation to be provided at once.

Private owners are usually forced to do this by law. The State is under a greater obligation, and should need no compulsion.

We believe there is hardly a district in the land which could not provide accommodation for people turned out of their homes.

And we urge Mr. Willink, advocate of action, to make sure that henceforth none of our fellow-countrymen be left without a roof to their heads.

More Fakes from the Master Liar

JUST lately, American one-dollar bills became surprisingly plentiful in Paris. The world-familiar portrait of George Washington was picked up everywhere by Parisians—in cafés, hotels, restaurants, railway stations and on the counters of banks.

"What new stunt of Goebbels is this?" they wondered as they fingered the notes:

I, also, have examined one of these bills in London. Although I must admit they are almost perfect in colour, printing and texture, the counterfeit makes one realise that Goebbels has thought of nothing new.

★ ★ ★

He should really bring his anti-Jewish propaganda up to date.

His fake dollar bill opens in two like an advertisement folder, but the printed matter inside would fail to sell a single piece of chewing-gum—let alone the idea that Uncle Sam is waging the war for "World-Jewry."

For the brains of the German Ministry of Propaganda have produced nothing more convincing than this ingenuous argument:

★ ★ ★

"This dollar has paid for the Jewish war. Money does not smell . . . but the Jew does!

"The Secretary to the Treasury of the United States is the Jew, Morgenthau Junior. A dollar is worthless without his signature.

"All the attributes of the Jew will be found on the dollar: the Eagle of Israel, the Triangle, the Eye of Jehovah.

"The mystic number Thirteen is repeated everywhere. There are thirteen letters in the motto, thirteen stars in the halo, thirteen arrows, thirteen olive branches, thirteen steps to the unfinished pyramid.

"This Bill is truly Jewish money.

"But this is the only message the Anglo-Americans can send to compensate you for the terrible sufferings brought about by the War of the Jews."

Plainly, Goebbels still employs the old arguments against the Jews—as does his bloodier accomplice, Himmler, in the pogroms throughout Europe.

The vitriolic pen of the former, the terrible massacres of the latter, will convince the Parisians only of the stupidity and brutality of the Germans.

We Frenchmen have not forgotten how, when the Germans ordered all the Jews in Paris to wear a yellow star in their buttonholes, thousands of Frenchmen immediately followed their example.

★ ★

In the streets of Paris the star became the symbol of Resistance instead of the symbol of Israel, and the Germans were soon forced to countermand their order.

MAURICE FORTIS.

DEAR SIR,—I am sending you a parcel. By the next post. It will contain a pair of shoes. A pair of children's shoes repaired in a working-class district of London.

What appears to be a bit of old rubber tyre has been nailed on hurriedly. So hurriedly that the scores of nails employed stick through sharply—any one of them capable of crippling a child

There is stitching as well—but not with good, old-fashioned waxed thread. No. String is the medium. The cheapest, shoddiest string.

When sent for repair the shoes had a lining, as most shoes have That lining might be expected to offer some protection against those cruel nails.

But no—the repairer has torn that lining out and thrown it away.

Finally—and this is the most merciful thing he did—the repairer allowed the tongue of one shoe to protrude between upper and sole before nailing the two together. So, fortunately, that tongue has become an obstacle preventing any child from putting its foot into the shoe at all.

And, in that condition, this particular pair of shoes was handed over to a British mother for the use of her child.

You will see those shoes. But don't think my complaint concerns one pair of shoes. It does not.

Rt. Hon. HUGH DALTON,

President, Board of Trade

Dr. Dalton must ensure a better deal for the children — and protect their parents against the big ramp in shoe repairs

It concerns the treatment of children generally.

Will you let me give you the addresses of mothers who have been waiting eighteen months for the school hats and blazers of children attending State schools—even for the little embroidered school badges that children love to wear?

Rich parents aren't told month after month and year after year that embroiderers are all working on Army badges. No. They are prepared to pay more than the soldier will pay. Poorer mothers cannot afford to pay as much And so their children must go without.

This selling of quota material in the market where it will command the highest price is sending hundreds of thousands of children to school miserable and ill-equipped against the weather.

It is true of hats, clothes, shoes—everything a child wears to protect it against pneumonia.

And it isn't fair. Worse. It is wicked that money should buy the best quota materials available, and that children should have to have the rubbish that is left.

I advise you to read the story of the siege of Mafeking. It will tell you what the late Baden-Powell, founder of the Boy Scout movement, did for the youngsters of that beleaguered city.

It might be read to advantage by you and other Cabinet Ministers of a beleagured Britain at war.—JOHN BULL.

Open Letters

Miss IRENE LYNN,

Oak Avenue, Dunston, Co. Durham

DEAR MISS LYNN,—Times have changed since Steele wrote: "All a woman has to do in this world is contained within the duties of a daughter, a sister, a wife, and a mother."

In 1940, when your 22-year-old brother was killed at sea on his first voyage you gave up your work as nurse in a war hospital and took his place in the Merchant Navy.

Since then, as stewardess in ships flying Allied flags, you have endured U-boat attacks and air assaults. Now you have been awarded the 1939-43 Star—a decoration you have so richly earned.

Gradually, because of women like you, our conception of the "weaker sex" is changing.

In courage, in fortitude, in high resolve to see this struggle through to the bitter, victorious end, the women of Britain have been for the nation's men the fountain-head of inspiration and solace.

When the record of our women at war is fully revealed the world which has wondered so long at Britain's greatness in times of adversity and at the unflinching acceptance of dark reverses, will realise that the main source of our strength was the women. God bless them.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. H. WILLINK,

Minister of Health

DEAR SIR,—Of all the petty, paltry, mean ways of officialdom which over many years have been brought to my notice, none has angered me more than the action of your Ministry in ordering Essex County Council to cease payment of pocket-money to patients under sixty-five in public assistance hospitals.

That pocket-money of 1s. or 1s. 6d. a week has been given to patients—some of them men who served in the Boer War and the last war—for a long time. It means at the most a few cheap cigarettes or a bit of 'baccy.

May I congratulate your officials on the sublime majesty of their outlook? On their warm-hearted zeal in safeguarding the public purse?

And, above all, on the commendable manner in which they interpret the urge to social reform and to new values which is supposed to be sweeping the country?—JOHN BULL.

Mr. W. R. FULLER,

Secretary, Cinematograph Exhibitors' Association

DEAR SIR,—So London's cinemas are to close on Armistice Day—that eventful day when shadows will roll away from the war-riven skies of this island, and the people who have fought and endured so well know that the power of Hitlerism is no more.

None would regret more than I that the opulent luxury of West End cinemas should be imperilled by mob-hysteria.

London exhibitors fear a repetition of November 11, 1918, when seats were torn from fittings, things were thrown at cinema screens, and enormous damage was done by irresponsible, excited crowds.

You will pardon me if, through you, I venture to suggest that the picture of a riotous London out on the spree may not come true. The attitude of Britain and the British people to this war is vastly different from the spirit of 1914-1918.

Then the war never came home to us as it has done in the past four years. There was not the weariness, the deep-seated horror, the misery, the persecution, the suffering which hold the world in bondage to-day.

I feel that when the "Cease Fire" sounds over battered Europe there will be not only in London but throughout Britain prayers of quiet thankfulness, rather than a resort to stupid and uncontrolled "mafficking."

There should not be, there cannot be, noisy arrogance in a victory which brings problems as difficult of solution as those which had to be surmounted during the war.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir JAMES GRIGG,

Minister for War

DEAR SIR JAMES,—Here we are ag[ain] with another complaint, this time ab[out] the way in which your department [is] failing to provide our troops overs[eas] with facilities to listen-in to the B.B.C. new General Forces Programme.

Shortage of radio sets on the Ital[ian] Front is so acute that only a small p[ro]portion of the men slogging away [in] Kesselring can enjoy that wireless l[ink] with home.

I know that war demands come fi[rst]. I know that there is a shortage of ra[dio] sets suitable for listening-in to th[e] country from overseas. And I know th[at] you want our fighting men to hear t[he] B.B.C. entertainment and news

But I also know—and this war h[as] proved it time and time again—that [if] something is fought for hard enou[gh] pleaded for constantly, and is of imp[or]ance to Tommy's welfare, that so[me] thing is forthcoming.

Good morale on the fighting fronts [is] vital to the success of any campai[gn]. And I can think of nothing more lik[ely] to keep our men in high spirits than t[he] knowledge that they are united by wi[re]less with the folk at home.

Get radio-minded, Sir James. D[on't] let the lads down.—JOHN BULL.

The GOVERNORS,

Wimborne Grammar School

GENTLEMEN,—Parents of pupils att[end]ing your school will no doubt note w[ith] especial interest your approval of [the] action of the headmaster in beating a thirteen-year-old boy with a stick.

A County Court judge saw fit to aw[ard] against the headmaster £20 dama[ges] and also awarded costs against him.

You, in your turn, have announ[ced] your support of the caning and h[ave] decided to pay the damages.

School discipline must be maintai[ned]. Whether it is best maintained by re[sort] to corporal punishment is one of th[e] vexed questions which create h[eat] controversy.

But surely it is somewhat unusual—[to] put it mildly—for people in positions [of] yours to declare so wholeheartedly th[eir] approval of the corrective rod?—JO[HN] BULL.

ENDING THE MARRIAGE GAMBLE

ARGUE IT OUT
By Pallas

IT is roughly a hundred years ago since Heine, the German lyric poet, wrote of matrimony as "the high sea for which no compass has yet been invented."

I suspect that this challenge to science has annoyed for a long time those men who devote themselves to probing the mental, spiritual and matrimonial ills of mankind.

Dr. Thomas Garrett, a New York psychologist (who is working on a formula to take the gamble out of marriage), may have been inspired in his experiments by the epigram from witty Madame de Rieux: "Marriage is a lottery in which men stake their liberty and women their happiness."

For the American specialist is working on the theory that if the brain-waves of engaged couples are harmonious their marriage has a reasonably good chance of success.

By giving enamoured couples a complete advance report on each other's subconscious mind, Garrett apparently believes that mental reflexes and inhibitions may be unerring pointers to their wedded lives.

The theory is fascinating.

That dark, mysterious patch in our lives the subconscious mind may yet reveal to us why the wife will insist on using electric floor polishers and buzzing vacuum cleaners when that extra half-hour in bed is so desirable.

And, perhaps, if brain-waves had been compared before marriage, many a woman would have refused marriage with a man who has a tendency to spend too much time and money in clubs and pubs.

But a horrible thought is born.

Marriage without a gamble would be a dull, uninteresting affair.

Imagine saying to yourself before adopting a certain course of action in tackling a question of mutual concern: "Now how would *her* subconscious mind react?"

No, Dr. Garrett, we'll have none of it.

We prefer the good old uncertainty.

Marriage resolves itself into a thing of constant readjustment, of changing factors and of changing outlooks.

Happy the couple to whom those readjustments come easily and who take problems in their stride.

As for choosing a wife through the electro-encephalograph — that's the gadget Dr. Garrett is using—I would as soon prick a list of eligible names with a pin!

While the Seas Endure—1

By FRANK S. STUART

1,000 Bombs Burned Under Him!

Oily black smoke and tongues of flame spout from the U-boat's victim as it settles slowly into the sea. But the crew's courage continues to ride high

A BIG British merchantman was unloading in a Mediterranean port. She was putting ashore shells, bombs and petrol, swinging the big crates on to a wharf almost cut in two by previous demolition, and with labourers running like ants.

And then the Stukas came.

Their forward cannons sent scarlet tracers stabbing down into the open holds.

The Skipper lay dead amid the ruins of his broken bridge. George Stronach, the Chief Officer, was kicked into the scuppers by the blast of a near-by bomb, and lay unconscious with a bloody face.

Like toy figures flung down by an angry child, wounded and burning seamen were scattered about; and meanwhile roaring fires bellowed out from holds where bombs and explosive aviation spirit were stored by the hundred tons together.

Into an Inferno

George Stronach raised himself on an elbow as the roasting-hot air went in a blast across his face, singeing his eyebrows.

He staggered up and listened. The pumps were going. That meant that they were still working down in the engine-room.

George Stronach, G.C.

Hezekiah Hotham was in charge down there. Nearly sixty years old, from Hull, where they breed 'em tough, he was working in pitch darkness. Wiping the blood from his eyes, Stronach peered round, trying to see through the hot smoke. Ahead was an open hatch, with red flowers of fire leaping up, with an incessant smash and shudder of shells exploding down there, hurling whistling lumps of shrapnel far above the deck and out to sea.

Crouching in an alleyway, leaderless, cut off from rescue on the far side of this frightful vulcano, the Mate saw a group of seamen, their sooty clothes in rags. He began to work his way for'ard towards them.

They saw him coming and yelled to him to keep back, for the exploding shells plastered a barrage of hot shrapnel into the sides and roof of the passage he had to traverse. But Stronach, from where he stood, could see a fire creeping on those men to cut off their retreat.

He waited till the flames sank for a moment, then raced through. His voice barked orders above the roaring of the fires.

The fifteen seamen responded grandly; there was a thudding and drumming of feet as they rushed headlong through the passage with Stronach behind them, his arm over his head to save his face from flying metal.

They were through! Stronach sent them slithering down lines overside to a waiting boat backing water far below. Fifteen saved.

"Come on!" yelled the officer in the boat.

Stronach shook his head, and turned back along the blazing deck. A boat hung in the davits, undamaged, but with fire crawling towards it like a great red snake.

Coolly he lowered it away, keeping it trim so that it should reach the water safely.

The vessel was now burning furiously in several places.

Stronach went through the flames to the officers' quarters, for there were no more men for'ard.

He was alone in the centre of a great ring of flames. He kept wondering when the bombs would explode. *For there were about 800 tons of 1,000-lb. bombs aboard*, as well as some hundreds of tons of other bombs, and a great supply of petrol that was already afire.

He tripped and, looking down, saw a hose with a trickle of warm water still coming through it. With a sob of gratitude he lifted the nozzle over his head and soaked himself.

Dripping, but freshly inspired, he began to climb through the collapsed walls of cabins and over smouldering beams and jagged boards. He saw something ahead.

Lying pinned with a splintered beam across his shoulder, frightfully burned, was the Second Mate, Stronach's particular friend.

Stronach dragged out a bit of quartering by brute force, and used it as a lever. He raised the big beam an inch, and then another, and wedged it.

Then, carefully, he pulled his friend from under it, beat out his smouldering clothes, and half-carried, half-hauled the unconscious figure along the deck to the lowered boat.

He went back again.

The radio officer was trapped beneath a great heap of débris in what seemed a hopeless position. Even if the hot rubble could be cleared off his body, he would have to be forced somehow through a porthole before he could be carried along to the boat.

It was nearly half an hour since the ship had been stricken; all the time the fires were gaining; presently they would touch off the main bomb store.

Stronach worked on, sweat runneling the sooty black on his face and arms, his hands blistered and torn by red-hot jagged splinters.

At last the limp body was uncovered. Then began the work of pushing him through the porthole.

Two More Safe

At last Stronach got the radio officer out. He dragged him through the growing inferno of the decks, and the victim gave no sign of life.

So, he, too, was roped about the waist and lowered into the boat.

The fire was now so near the bomb store that Stronach yelled down an order to the men to pull the boat away to safety. The seamen did so, growling; they did not want to leave the job

Another officer lay in the débris. Dead? Stronach clambered over some rubble, reached him, found that he was alive though very badly injured and unconscious.

Despite orders, a raft was bobbing up and down near the ship. Sailors aboard it saw Stronach waving and heard him hail.

Delightedly, they pulled in under the vessel's side, and to them Stronach lowered another sack-like body.

He turned into the smoke once more.

The ship seemed deserted. Again and again Stronach yelled, but no answer came. Surely now he could save himself?

He had been aboard more than an hour since the vessel caught fire, and she was just a floating shambles.

The First Mate licked his black hot lips and dashed aft. Had he heard a feeble cry? Yes! A greaser, too burned even to clamber to his feet, lay in the scuppers, with flames not more than a foot from him.

More than that! Close by was No. 3 hold, where the 1,000-lb. bombs were neatly stored like eggs in a giant's basket.

But—these eggs were burning fiercely, and it could only now be a matter of a minute or two before the ship blew up.

Stronach ran forward, and the fire surged out and clutched at him. But he evaded it, scorching and singeing, and reached the greaser—who fell unconscious. The Mate dragged him along to the side of the ship.

There was no raft or boat near!

Stronach fastened his own lifebelt round the collapsed figure, and dumped him overboard into the sea.

Just in Time

No one left. He darted to the side, put his hands above his head, and dived like an arrow. Cool green waters closed over his singed head.

He came up, puffing and spluttering and looking about.

A raft was crawling slowly towards him.

They pulled him aboard. He took charge, never pausing to rest.

A single black figure flopped alongside, unconscious, held up by a lifebelt. It was the greaser Stronach had thrown over. They picked him up.

"Now row like hell away from her!" Stronach gasped.

They were not too soon. Minutes later, the great hulk blew up.

One hour and twenty minutes Stronach had stayed aboard. His action equals any that will ever be told so long as the seas endure.

Snarling Hellcats Will Claw Down the Zeros

"O'HARE," said President Roosevelt, "what kind of a fighter 'plane do you need to beat the Japs?"

"Something that will go upstairs faster," replied O'Hare.

That little interchange took place some time ago, when the President of the United States was presenting the Congressional Medal of Honour—the American V.C.—to Lieutenant-Commander Edward H. ("Butch") O'Hare.

Its outcome has recently provided a nasty shock for the no-longer-grinning Japanese pilots of the Zeros.

★ ★ ★

After his meeting with the President, O'Hare amplified his somewhat terse specification of a Zero-beater for the benefit of the engineers of the famous Grumman aircraft firm.

The result is the Grumman Hellcat.

This low-winged Navy fighter 'plane lives up to her name in every particular.

Although thousands of pounds heavier than her forbear, the Wildcat, she can climb and manœuvre at a speed little short of startling, can take any amount of punishment on her tough armoured hide, and goes snarling into action to such effect that her rapid-firing guns, so far from drawing the line at slaughtering Zeros, can sink a destroyer!

★ ★ ★

Born from the lessons learned in fierce and bloody scraps over the waves and islands of the Pacific, the Hellcat is the answer to the Navy pilots' prayers.

These gallant airmen have hitherto fought Zeros in Wildcats, and by brilliant battle tactics have so far overcome the Wildcat's inability to outclimb her adversary that they have notched up an average score of five to one against the Japs.

What the score will be when these same pilots, seated in the cockpits of their roaring Hellcats, fall on the Zeros in force, nobody knows.

The Hellcat's roomy interior carries more ammunition for any *one* of her guns than the Wildcat was able to provide for *all* her weapons.

And even the Wildcat had six half-inch machine-guns!

In spite of her weight and size, the Hellcat can throw herself about the sky in a way that will produce shivers down the spines of the Japanese pilots as they realise that the U.S. Navy boys are drawing circles round their quick-turning Zeros.

The speed of those circles will be largely due to the Hellcat's engine, of which it can only be said that it packs enough power to draw a half-mile-long goods train!

★ ★ ★

And the Japanese won't find it much good—even if they get the chance—to shoot up their enemy's fuel tanks. For the Hellcat's tank is of a new, flexible type, quite a lot safer even than the puncture-proof variety.

The air force of the Land of the Rising Sun is booked for a full-scale funeral.

H. K.

★ BOMBS DROPPED ON THE TARGET IN KASSEL AND THEN FIRE BROKE OUT IN THE HOMEWARD BOUND LANCASTER: FINE MEN IN THE MACHINE WITH A FINE JOB OF AIRCRAFT PRODUCTION BACKING THEM MADE POSSIBLE A HAPPY ENDING TO THE GRIM ADVENTURE

In England now—night after night, the Lancasters take off

"B" for Beer and Bravery

By B. L. Jacot

HERE is the almost incredible story of the Lancaster "B" for Beer.

With the giant bomber well afire inside the fuselage and three of the crew unconscious, Flying Officer K. R. Ames, of Streatham, London, the pilot, brought it safely home without compasses, aerials, hydraulic system, inter-comm., or an adequate oxygen supply.

The story started almost as soon as "B" for Beer had dropped her bombs on Kassel—plumb on the target.

Sergeant R. S. Parle, from Dublin, was the rear-gunner. He was on his toes, looking out for trouble, for he knew there were plenty of "Jerry" night fighters about.

Suddenly, as the Lancaster swung round to set course for home, he saw the dark shape of a fighter coming straight for him.

"Enemy fighter attaoking from astern!" he yelled into the inter-comm., and pressed his gun trigger.

That fighter was the start of all the trouble. Parle blew him to pieces, but not before "Jerry" had got in his burst.

This is what the captain of the ship has to say about those hectic few seconds that were to condemn him and his crew to hours of desperate struggle:

AN EASY PREY

"A split second after Parle reported the fighter, a burst of cannon shell ripped right along the fuselage. That 'Jerry' could shoot. He must have been an experienced pilot.

"There was a crash and the instrument panel and windscreen disappeared. Shot clean away. There seemed to be shells crashing all round for that one tearing moment.

"I took immediate evasive action and as I was doing so I saw the fighter blow into pieces in the air.

"Over the inter-comm. I heard Parle say: 'I've got that devil, Skipper!' But the damage had been done. I didn't know it then, but we were already on fire amidships—a fire that we had to carry all the way home with us."

"B" for Beer was now twisting and turning, throwing herself about in the tracer-streaked skies above burning Kassel, an easy prey for the night fighter on account of the glow of her fire amidships.

The voice of Sergeant R. S. M. Brown, of Edinburgh, came over the inter-comm.: "Enemy aircraft attacking from starboard beam—I'm hit, Skip!"

A hail of cannon shells hit the Lancaster. They came up through the floor, zinging up through the roof overhead.

Flying Officer Ames realised that he was being attacked from below as well as from the starboard beam. He put "B" for Beer into a steep diving turn. The fight, he knew, was hopeless, but he determined to give the Nazis a run for their money.

At this moment a voice shouted down the inter-comm.: "We're well afire amidships!"

The inter-comm. immediately went dead. It was silent for the rest of the long journey home.

That journey must surely pass into a legend. See it through the eyes of the bomber's crew.

Here is the flight engineer's story, Sergeant V. R. Biggerstaff, of Rickmansworth, Herts:

"When that fighter came on our tail, he filled us with cannon shells. I was standing by the side of the Skipper when suddenly my oxygen mask and earphones were shot away from my face. Something hit me on the side of the head.

"I don't know much about what happened on the way home or how the Skipper got us back, for I was a bit screwy. I had enough sense left to suck at my oxygen tube all the way home, happy to be alive."

Sergeant Parle adds: "The shells from that first fighter went clean through my turret into the fuselage, but they didn't hit me. It was an incendiary shell that set us on fire. I saw it hit.

"The attack ceased after the Skipper put us into the dive and I climbed out to try to fight the fire. We kept it down but we couldn't get it under control."

STEERED BY STARS

And the wireless operator, Flight-Sergeant H. Glasby, of Toowoomba, Queensland, takes up the tale: "I was in the astrodome when I saw the first fighter on the starboard beam. It was a Focke-Wulf 190.

"His shells came flying through the fuselage. They hit the mid-upper turret, the astrodome, and the cockpit.

"When we got on fire I climbed down and went along with an extinguisher. I beat at the flames with my gloves and I tried stamping.

"The ammunition was exploding all round our heads. They counted afterwards that more than 500 rounds exploded at intervals most of the way home. I never want to have to try to deal with a fire like that one again."

It was clear almost from the start of the nightmare journey, while leaving the smouldering ruins of Kassel, that the fire might at any moment compel the crew to abandon ship. Disaster hovered in the balance all the way back through the night. But it never quite overtook the great bomber.

Its captain concentrated all his mind on getting it to base, navigating by the stars, while the crew fought an unceasing fight with the white-hot glow of burning fuel amidships.

He made "B" for Beer hold out all the way.

It made a forced landing on an English airfield, still afire. The ground crew took over the fire-fighting work and finally beat out the flames. . . .

Flying Officer Ames landed his ship with, in addition to all the damage mentioned, a trimming control jammed, an elevator shot clean away, and a tyre burst.

PETROL TANKS DRY

Two of his crew were unconscious and thought to be dead—Flying-Officer A. J. Wright, of Whitley Bay, and Sergeant T. H. Savage, of Carlisle. Both recovered consciousness.

Sergeant Brown, the mid-upper gunner, collapsed when the bomber landed: he was wounded in the arm by a cannon shell and suffering from lack of oxygen.

"We got home by steering by the stars," Ames explained. "Lucky to get here."

When the bomber's tanks were examined they were found to be dry. The only petrol left was that in her pipe lines!

But there is more to it than luck

Dupe

IN the vast perspective of the war, Finland can easily be overlooked. But in this phase of the struggle she holds the centre of the stage. She is one of the keys to the heart of Hitler's fortress, and she quits the war the envelopment of the fortress will be complete.

She is between the hammer and the anvil and whatever decision her lot is unenviable. But she must decide, or the decision will be forced on her. Russia is resolved on that.

With the raising of the siege of Leningrad and the sensational defeat of the Germans on the Baltic front, the sweeping of Finland out of the path became a strategic necessity of the first importance.

It means the removal of the menace to Russia from the north and a new and formidable threat to Germany from the same quarter of the compass.

The Gulf of Finland will be in Russian control, and the entire outlook in the Baltic will be transformed.

Communication with Sweden, from whence Germany gets its vital supplies of iron ore, will be crippled, and the whole northern littoral of Germany will be exposed to attack.

No secure hide-away will be left for the German navy. Now that that navy has suffered such crushing losses, it is a reasonable assumption that the Russian naval arm will emerge as a powerful addition to the perplexities of the enemy.

Certainly the Baltic will no longer be a

We Used Rocke

When Mr. Churchill spoke of rockets and other "secret weapons" he was referring to up-to-date versions of an old weapon. Britain used rockets against Napoleon.

THE truth of the old saying that "there is nothing new under the sun" was never more evidenced than in the case of rockets as weapons of war.

The rocket first appeared as a "secret weapon" when a British engineer, William Congreve, suggested its use to defeat that earlier would-be dictator of Europe, Napoleon Bonaparte.

★ ★ ★

As it was something new, the idea was ridiculed by officialdom. But the engineer persisted, and his rockets, soon to be dubbed "Mr. Congreve's Squibs," were used by a British beachhead force which landed on the coast of what is now Yugoslavia.

The French dictator's soldiers promptly surrendered, bitterly complaining that the new weapon was "most unmilitary"!

"Mr. Congreve's Squibs" were also used with great success for the bombarding of Boulogne from a fleet of small boats.

Rockets, indeed, remained as an important item of the Navy's armoury until the middle of the last century.

Dr. Robert H. Goddard, of Clark University in Massachusetts, U.S.A., has perfected a gyroscopic stabiliser for building into rockets

and Neutrals

By A. G. Gardiner

closed sea for the Germans. They will be subject to attack both by water and by air.

And how weighty the attack from the air is likely to be is indicated by the fact that in one of the assaults on Helsinki 600 Russian bombers were engaged. If bombers on that scale can be diverted from Finland to the ports and cities of eastern Germany, Hitler's fortress will be under major bombardment all round the clock and from all round the compass.

* * *

But the elimination of Finland will mean much more than the ripping open of a gaping breach in Hitler's defences almost on his own doorstep. It will foreshadow the collapse of his whole scheme of strategy.

The purpose of that scheme was to envelop Germany with a protective ring of States—satellite States, conquered States, neutral States.

In the midst of these States Germany would sit remote and secure from attack. They would feed her, slave for her, and shield her. "Whoever starves," said Goering, "it will not be Germany."

Meanwhile the war in the West approaches — the tanks are lined up in active preparation

Whatever attack was made, it would not be on Germany herself. "No enemy plane will cast its shadow over the Ruhr," said Goering.

The enveloping States would serve as shock-absorbers for Germany. If invasion was attempted, it was their lands which would be the battleground, their cities which would be destroyed, their peoples who would be massacred.

Long before any enemy or any combination of enemies could penetrate to Germany herself they would have exhausted their striking power in the endeavour to break through the jungle of outworks that Hitler had made of Europe.

It was a cunning scheme, and it is enabling Germany to hold out longer than in the last war. But it has failed.

It has failed because there is no roof over Germany. She has padded herself on land, but she cannot pad herself in the air.

The war has come to Germany, and it is going to stay there, with ever increasing violence until she cries: "Hold! Enough!"

* * *

And the elimination of Finland should hasten the cry by its effect upon the other satellite Powers. They were on the brink of a stampede when the chief of the satellites fell. Hungary, especially, was so near it that only the unreadiness of the Badoglio government to meet the emergency kept the word "Go" from her lips.

It may be said that if Hitler was able to dig himself in in Italy, he will be equally able to dig himself in in Finland, and stave off the stampede in this case as he did then.

But this is to ignore the cumulative effect of these flights from the war. One may be survived, but when flight becomes the fashion and is all one way, panic sets in.

And do not forget that each desertion puts a new strain on Germany. She has lost the Italian army, and has to supply its place. When the Finnish army lays down its arms, she will have to supply its place also, or take the consequences.

As her resources diminish, the demands upon them increase, and they are more and more scattered.

She is fighting a losing battle in Russia. She is fighting a losing battle in Italy. She is fighting a losing battle in Yugoslavia. She is fighting a losing battle in Germany. And, meanwhile, the war in the West approaches.

* * *

The meaning of all this is not lost upon the satellites. They are chained to the Hitler juggernaut car, but, like Italy yesterday, and like Finland now, they all have only one consuming desire—to be out of the war.

Except France, which, nominally a satellite Power, is feverishly awaiting the moment when she can be in the war on the right side.

Rumania, Hungary, Bulgaria—all see the fate approaching, all are only concerned to find a way of escape from the doomed net.

Cannot we put the pressure on them that Russia has put on Finland in the north, and that we put so successfully on Italy last Summer?

Let us make it clear to them that they must come out of the war if they are to save anything from the wreck that is impending.

They know, as Italy and Finland have discovered, that they gambled on the wrong side. They have paid dearly for it. If they are to escape the final penalty they must act now.

* * *

AND THE TIME HAS COME WHEN WE SHOULD SPEAK IN NO LESS FIRM ACCENTS TO THE NEUTRALS. WE KNOW THAT WE ARE GOING TO WIN THIS WAR, BUT WE WANT TO SHORTEN THE AGONY.

We want to save something from "the hideous ruin and combustion" that Germany has made of Europe—something on which we can build anew.

It is in the power of the neutrals to hasten the end. Two of them, whose declaration alone would be decisive, are in full sympathy with us. Why do they not act with us? Why do they stand by in ignominious detachment while Europe bleeds to death?

As for the rest, why should we hesitate to speak out loud and bold? Why should we be mealy-mouthed in our protests to our "most ancient ally," who is notoriously engaged in supplying our enemy with vital war needs like wolfram and tungsten?

Why should we not use plain words and plain measures towards Spain and Argentina, whose enmity to us in this war has never been concealed and should not soon be forgotten?

NEITHER SATELLITES NOR NEUTRALS CAN NOW CHANGE THE VERDICT. BUT THEY CAN SPEED ITS DELIVERY AND LESSEN THE SUM OF THE WORLD'S SUFFERING AND SACRIFICE.

Before Waterloo!

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reat punishment the Stalingrad

battle with rockets that had no firing tubes, but were mounted on sticks and propelled from racks in the manner of rockets in the good old Guy Fawkes Day celebrations.

But the Russian variety were explosive bombs weighing 50 lb. each, and they sowed confusion and demoralisation among the ranks of the enemy.

There are other Russian rocket guns.

One is the *Katusha*, which can be fired from an ordinary lorry, but has the deadly effect of heavy artillery in action.

Another fires between twenty and thirty rockets simultaneously.

Lately we have heard much of the rocket-carrying German fighter 'planes which attack the armadas of Flying Fortresses and Liberators which swing into action over Hitler's Europe in daylight.

Even these are not new.

The Russians were using them long ago.

They used rockets in their tank-busting Stormoviks with such deadly effect that the Germans found a new name for these aircraft. They christened them *Der Schwarze Tod* —"the Black Death."

* * *

No, there is nothing new about rockets.

All that is new is the improved methods of using them, and there is no reason to suppose that our own armament experts have not devised something much better than the Germans' much-vaunted "secret weapons" of the Pas de Calais.

PATRICK SPENCER.

That Reminds Me

HE was called "Old Sherlock" after he joined the special cops. The name stuck like a burr. Before very long they began to forget what his real name was. Old Sherlock. Just that.

He *was* a pudding. Most people were knocked popeyed when the specials took him on. He'd got, somebody said, the brains of a louse, and not a very strong-minded louse at that. He looked a bit like a bullock that had forgotten where it was.

He cycled about the little town and out to the outlying districts on his bike, no doubt thinking he was very important, but only getting himself laughed at by small boys. He never did a "pinch." He never had a case.

He'd have been bad enough if he'd just drawn breath, but he would chatter. And he'd got one catastrophe of a trick for a chatterer. Things would *remind him.*

He walked about with his feet at a quarter to three. You know the style. But though that end of him walked about in the present, the other end of him always stayed behind in the past. He could never bring himself up to date.

"That reminds me . . ."

You got sick of hearing it,

You'd only to say it was a bad storm last night and he was off.

"Yuh. Yuh, it blew a bit. Storm? That reminds me . . ."

And he'd start in about the Great Storm in '08, when weather *was* weather.

Or you might remark that the cabbages weren't coming on as they ought this Spring.

"Ah. No. And that reminds me . . ."

AND away he'd go on another wonderful anecdote.

It was anything. You might say, quite casually, that your straw hat was a bit tight. No opening there, you'd think. But there was.

"Ah! That reminds me . . ."

And he'd dash off to see young Simmons about some roof felt: though what the connection was between your tight straw hat and roof felt from young Simmons you were never able to find out.

Everything reminded him of something that ought to have been done forty minutes before or had been done forty years before. Nothing ever was for itself, but only for what it brought back to his dope of a mind.

A caterpillar up a wall.

"That reminds me . . ."

A currant on a plate.

"That reminds me . . ."

Anything. It became sickening.

"Fancy shoving *him* in the specials," they used to say. "Making a farce of the whole business."

And then came the day when the notorious Binks lifted ten thousand pounds of somebody's money and made himself scarce, and the two bills arrived.

It didn't seem to mean much at the time, because it happened more than three hundred miles away, and the bills arrived in twos at every police station in the land. But you never can tell by small beginnings, can you?

OLD Sherlock was at the station when the bills arrived, and since it seemed to be about the one job he could do without making a muck of it, they wished on him the business of putting them up—one on the board outside and the other on the bill-hook behind the desk.

And being the old time-passer he was, Old Sherlock read each one carefully, although they were both alike.

WANTED.

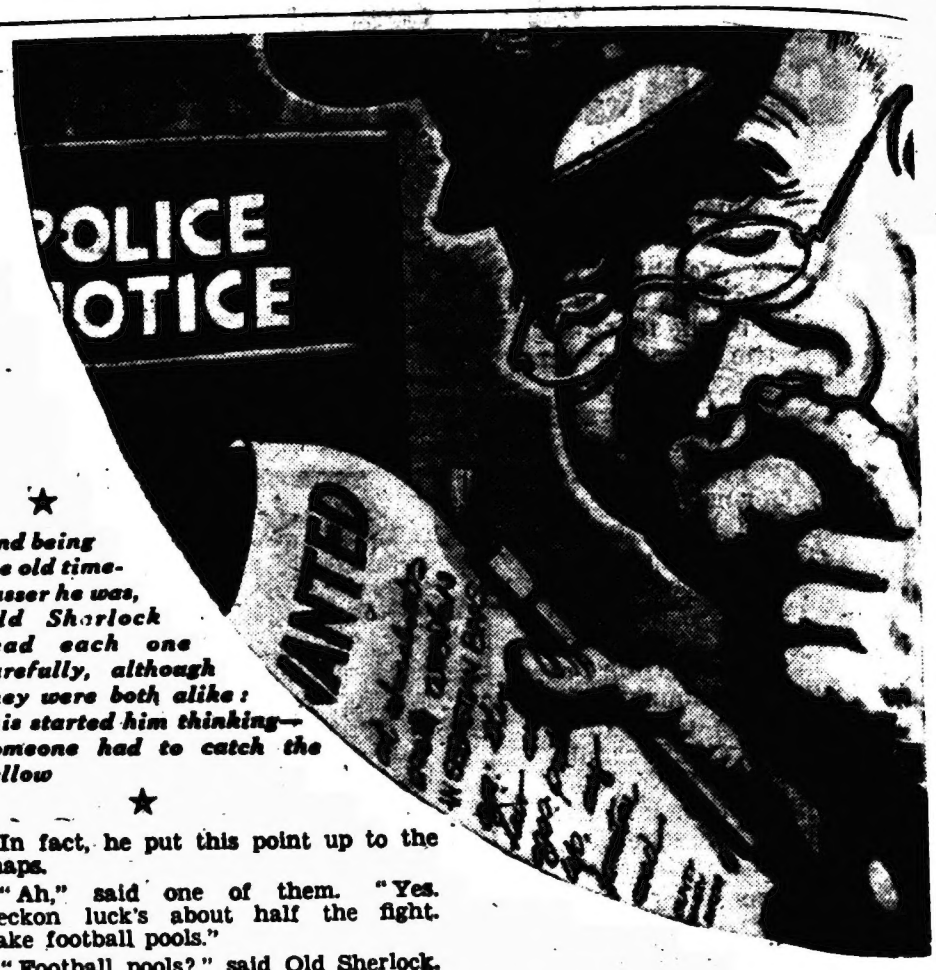
Information . . . present whereabouts . . . Thomas Sebastian Binks . . . Forty-five years of age; thin face; grey hair and brown eyes; protruding lower lip. . . .

Which made Old Sherlock do a bit of thinking. After all, *somebody* had to catch the fellow.

A lot of pictures began to jump up in front of his eyes. Himself turning a corner and coming face to face with Binks. "Ah! Got you at last!" Himself climbing a misty staircase and knocking at a door. "Thomas Sebastian Binks—in the name of the law. . . ."

Himself at Scotland Yard, being turned into the Big Five—the whole lot of them at one go. . . .

Because, really, after all, *somebody* had got to get him. Luck, a lot of it, being on the spot. It just depended where the spot happened to be.



★

And being the old time-passer he was, Old Sherlock read each one carefully, although they were both alike: this started him thinking—someone had to catch the fellow

★

In fact, he put this point up to the chaps.

"Ah," said one of them. "Yes. Reckon luck's about half the fight. Take football pools."

"Football pools?" said Old Sherlock. "Yes. Now that reminds me. . . ."

He was off.

It was about a week later, very early one morning, when Old Sherlock was in the office by himself. The 'phone rang. He picked up the receiver and heard a deep voice.

"Police?"

"Who's that?" said Old Sherlock.

It was Farmer Watts from the Old Blue Mill, the farm on the top of the hill three miles away.

"Oh, yes?" said Old Sherlock.

"That embezzlement case—man name of Binks, wasn't it?" said Farmer Watts. "In all the papers."

"Oh, yes," said Old Sherlock.

"Could I have his description again—have you got it?" Farmer Watts asked.

Old Sherlock's eyes strayed to the bill on the hook behind the desk and he began his recitation.

"Forty-five, thin face, grey hair and brown eyes, protruding lower lip. . . ."

"That's the chap" said Farmer Watts.

"'Ere! What's this?" demanded Old Sherlock.

"I believe," said Farmer Watts—"I believe he's asleep in one of my barns!"

"Lumme!" exclaimed Old Sherlock. "Look here—go on. Give me some details."

FARMER WATTS gave him the details. How, the night before, a stranger had stopped at the gate to ask his way, and how there had been something vaguely familiar about his face. How, this morning, a barn door, closed the night before, had been slightly ajar. How he, Farmer Watts, was *sure*. . . .

"Look here," said Old Sherlock, "I'll be right along. Don't go near the barn, but keep your eye on it. I'm coming right out."

And he left the station in the care of somebody nearly as daft as himself and hurried into the yard at the back and pulled out his bike, with fresh wonderful pictures running across an invisible screen before his eyes.

It didn't occur to him, as it hadn't occurred to Farmer Watts at the other end of the wire, that by that time in the morning Thomas Sebastian Binks had had enough of the barn at the Old Blue Mill and was streaking out for the nearest bus as hard as he could go.

Why, before he had got his front bike wheel through the police-station gates Old Sherlock had promoted himself to the rank of Assistant Commissioner.

After a mile, with sweat running down his brow like a waterfall, and his ankles coming nearly apart, he came to the *Hay Wain*, a little pot-house behind a creaking sign on a pole, near a desolate cross-roads. There was another pole beside the sign, a shorter pole with a board on it, and on the board the local bus company had drawing-pinned a time-table.

For the *Hay Wain* wasn't only a pot-house. It was the first stopping-place for buses out of the town on the rural service.

And even before Old Sherlock arrived on the scene there were seven or eight country people, with parcels and baskets.

And there was something else.

Across the road from east to west was an Army lorry. And across the road from west to east was a private car, the local doctor's. Old Sherlock saw a good bit of shaking of fists and heard a good bit of cursing. And noticed that there was no getting by, although the next bus wasn't a mile away and was coming on at a fair lick. You could see the top of it over the hedges.

"'Ere! What's all this?" said Old Sherlock, getting off his bike.

It was nobody's fault, of course. Both the lorry driver and the doctor started to make that clear by making it clear that it was the other fellow's fault. With forefingers they began to sketch diagrams in the air.

"Half a minute," said Old Sherlock. "Not so much chatter. No call to get excited. Take it calmly and start at the beginning. That's the way."

The landlord of the pub. was at the side of the road, trying to explain how it had all come about. But Old Sherlock wasn't listening.

"Back you go," he said to the doctor; and back the doctor went.

"On you come," he said to the lorry-driver; and on the lorry driver came.

Then the lorry rattled off one way and the doctor's car rattled off the other way and the country people went back to the time-table on the board to wait for the bus. Everything was over.

HUMAN MACHINE

You Must Make Sure First

● If you have ever listened to Professor Joad on the Brains Trust you will have heard him say, when about to reply to a question: "Well, it all depends what you mean by . . ." Now this is not mere affectation on Joad's part, not mere obstinacy, not just a device to gain time to think.

It is just the knowledge that nearly all confusion in thought, and therefore all cross-purposes in argument, arise from the very simple fact that hardly any two people mean the same thing, although they happen to use the same words.

Does this sound a bit far-fetched? Well, just you try it out for yourselves!

Next time you are having a conversation with someone that begins to develop into an argument, just ask him *exactly* what he means by some term that you find yourselves using.

You'll find that you're not really speaking the same language at all.

You'll find that you each mean something just a little different. That's how nearly all arguments start; that's why nearly all argument fails to convince either side.

The only way to discuss anything satisfactorily is to make sure *first* that you are both going to mean exactly the same thing when you use certain terms.

It is no exaggeration to say that, because very few people realise this, most argument and discussion is just sheer waste of time and temper.

You won't believe this till you try, so you really should try without delay.

The result will surprise and astonish you, and if you have any self-respect it will humble you a little.

You will very quickly be forced to realise that cogent thinking and clear reasoning—the essentials of sound discussion—are something to be learned, and not just gifts from the gods!

...ort Story

By WILL SCOTT

...'s the way it's done when you ...how When you're the right man.

...was at that very moment that ...s Sebastian Binks with half a ...e to go before the bus came round ...rner of the *Hay Wain* and saw Old ...ck in his special's uniform, lean... ...ross his bike, talking to the land... ...f the pub

...oliceman! With the bus just com... ... And looking him right in the

...mas Sebastian Binks wanted to be ...tly sick

...ourse,' said the landlord, "you ...who's fault it was. The doctor's ...t all from my window. The way ...hap drives he'll have a real bad ... one of these days."

..." said Old Sherlock.

...eyes roved from face to face near ...me-table board. Just as a matter ...tine. Fat faces, thin faces, red ... pale faces. Thomas Sebastian ... face.

...o much careless driving about," ...he landlord.

..." said Old Sherlock.

... his eyes noted details, while his ... hovered over glory and his ears ...istened to the landlord's droning.

...wn eyes, grey hair. . . .

...mind the time——" said the land...

...truding lower lip. . . .

... bus stopped. The country people ... Thomas Sebastian Binks got ...d.

...truding lower lip. . . .

... bus started on its way again.

...METHING seemed to stir in Old ... Sherlock's comic head, and he ...gave the saddle of his bike a ...p.

...!" he exclaimed.

...g your pardon?" said the land...

...ick-out lip!" said Old Sherlock.

... landlord seemed puzzled.

...g your pardon?" he said again.

...ick-out lip!" said Old Sherlock.

...ow d'ver mean?" asked the land...

... Sherlock threw his leg over his ...e.

...at reminds me," he said.

... he pedalled off as hard as he ...go to see Farmer Watts at the Old ...Mill.

Not What We Have

...ot what we have that matters, nor ...re we chance to live, it's not what ... display, it's the things from the ...of our heart that we give.

... not what we choose to wear, and ...hat we seek to gain, nor how we ...quander wealth, but the way we ...ife's pain.

... not what we plan to do, and not ...re strive to possess, it's not any of ...things that will bring us happiness.

... not what we judge should be, nor ...our selfish prayers, that will help ... distress, for life takes us all ...ares

... not seeking self-betterment, nor ...curity, nor self-praise, that will ...s one step forward to God and ...oly ways.

... not self-righteous balm, it's life's ...ering and life's scar, that will be ...itness at the end and gain us ...'s service bar.—J. M.

Quacks Quite Like This War

Behind his diagnosis are years of study and experience that his quack rival lacks

By OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER

YES, these are rich times for quacks.

Because, of course, so many doctors are now in the Services that they have more chances than ever to impose upon gullible sufferers.

Though the law has been tightened up regarding the sale of patent medicines, it is much too loose to cause amateur doctors any inconvenience

Unless they commit an actual fraud, so that the police can charge them with false pretences or theft, they can drive round the country collecting fat fees for "treatments" which are often quite useless and even dangerous

The experience of a South Coast man would surely be enough to justify a change in the law.

ONE OF MANY

He consulted an unqualified "specialist" about a lump under his chin. He was told that simple treatment would reduce the swelling—at first "inwardly," and then, gradually, a permanent cure would be effected.

He paid two guineas, took some tablets for a couple of weeks, rapidly grew worse, and was taken into hospital.

He died there, within a few days, from cancer of the throat.

Since his death a follow-up circular has been received by his family offering more pills for a further fee.

Bad enough, you will agree. Yet it is one of many examples.

Another can be found in a northern town; it concerns a man I have criticised severely for years. He advertises himself as a famous expert, or a manipulative specialist, which (without genuine medical degrees) means just nothing.

Sometimes he is "Mr. Jackson," occasionally "Professor Alfred," but his real name is Alfred Henry Brown, and he has been to prison more than once.

As I have said, there is nothing to stop him "treating" any sufferer provided he does not use the word "Doctor"—which is an offence.

But now let me give you an outline of the real characters of some of the impostors who trade on the sick.

There is Mr. Leslie Epstein. An ingenious fellow this. Compensating for the lack of any medical degrees, he made it part of his practice to examine "patients" and order them to bed so that he could steal their valuables and securities!

His bedside manner was plausible.

He had already been to prison, and is now there again—not for "treating" patients, but for robbing them.

He pleaded guilty to stealing jewellery from a house in Hampstead, London, and asked for fifteen other cases to be taken into consideration. A girl he had victimised unfortunately found herself in the dock with him, and was bound over for receiving some of the articles he had stolen during his profitable treatment of "patients."

A detective-sergeant said that Epstein had three times absented himself from the Coldstream Guards, had served a sentence of fifteen months, and had earlier been in a Borstal institution for posing as an officer and for theft

The young woman concerned in the case was entirely under his influence, and did not realise that the goods she received from him were stolen.

Another quack, with an office in the West End of London, treated all kinds of diseases. His only medical knowledge was a smattering picked up while employed as a masseur, yet he charged stiff fees for his worthless "medical" advice.

As he actually posed as a doctor, the police were able to prosecute him for obtaining five guineas by false pretences.

He even treated a man for duodenal ulcer!

And as he has had several previous convictions, you won't wonder that he has been described as "a menace to society."

Yet another rascal of unorthodox conduct poses as a doctor and carried on eight courtships with young women "patients" in order to get their money. He, too, had no medical qualifications.

FLY-BY-NIGHTS

Equally dangerous is an impostor who in one case examined a lad who had hay fever. The patient, he announced, was suffering from congestion of the lungs and eye trouble and might get tuberculosis!

Well, this particular quack is a crook with twenty-two previous convictions for fraud!

Yet, in the guise of a medical specialist, he had no difficulty in finding and prescribing for clients who went to him instead of to a proper medical man

Just lately there has been a marked increase in the number of Eye Specialists." They stay only a week or two in any town, impudently and boastfully advertise for clients and vanish before their claims are proved false

RUINED EYESIGHT

Of course their well-appointed "consulting rooms" are only rented for short periods, and the furniture belongs to the landlord. But their patients are tempted to believe that they have come to the town to stay on a sort of humanitarian mission

One woman I know went completely blind through going to an eye-quack who made periodic "return visits" to her town

And in many other cases I have evidence that people's sight has become worse because they listened to the fairy stories of travelling optical "experts."

Quite reputable opticians, with recognised degrees, travel the country as well, and it is an injustice to them that nothing is done to stop the operations of the unqualified bandits.

One optical association has been trying for years to secure the compulsory registration of all who treat eye disorders.

What is wanted is an Act of Parliament framed to kill quackery of any kind.

Meanwhile, I can only urge all my readers, when they need medical attention, to consult properly qualified medical men

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PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Miss Florence Little, Westerleigh Road, Downend, Bristol, has been awarded this week's £1 1s. for interesting information.

Letters are invited about matters that call for enquiry or comment. Address: Public Benefactor, "John Bull," 93 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Peter Presents a Puzzle

ALL sorts of golden opportunities are open to you to win money for a small outlay.

And as the people willing to show you how to do it have often never seen or heard of you before—neither have you seen or heard of them—their philanthropic motives are somewhat puzzling.

★ ★ ★

One of them is Peter Carson, of 57, Cumberland Court, London, W.1 (Paddington 5721), who is distributing a circular that interests me very much.

A Kettering reader sends one on with the comment that the proposition "looks too good to be true." It certainly does!

In his circular Mr. Carson "has pleasure in sending you a specimen of a fortnightly pontoon ticket." He says distributing members will receive 5s. in the £ commission, which they will agree is very liberal, and to make the scheme more attractive and beneficial to them, he adds that they will get 1s. in the £1 on all winning tickets.

Thus 6s. out of every pound goes in expenses at one bang!

The specimen ticket concerns a two-weeks' football pontoon, in which "distributing members" sell to their friends tickets at 2s. each. Each ticket gives three numbers, representing teams; if their teams win, they receive prizes.

While a printed envelope addressed to Mr. Peter Carson at his Cumberland Court address is enclosed for applicants to say how many tickets they want, the specimen card does not bear his name anywhere, but gives that of "West Central Sports Club," with the vague address, "London, W.C.1."

Two other interesting features about this queer affair is that the Cumberland Court address is that of a flat rented by Mr. Carson, and the telephone given on the notepaper is also his.

My Kettering reader has confirmed the fact that Mr. Carson is a perfect stranger to him.

On inquiry, I find that this is not the first "Pontoon" scheme Carson has run.

★ ★ ★

In fact, in connection with one he operated some time ago from an address in Soho Square, London, W.1, his office was raided by Chief Inspector Gavin, of Scotland Yard, who later secured a conviction against him under the Lottery Acts at Great Marlborough Street Police Court.

So that's that.

★ If you are in doubt, write to HUMANIST, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name).

OVER EIGHTY, THEY CLING TO INDEPENDENCE

A RECENT article on the problem of old people living alone brought an unexpectedly big post. I had letters from people of eighty or more declaring that they wouldn't sacrifice their independence for anything on earth, and others which declared that no old people should be left alone.

I wish I had room to quote a score of them, but there is room for only two or three this week. This was the first to reach me:

In former days it was frequently the case that old folk retired to monasteries or nunneries, where they spent their time in institutional life with others. They were not lonely and received the care they could not give themselves.

When the monasteries were put down, a system of parish relief came in. In the form of public assistance and old-age pensions the pay-and-leave-them-alone method operates to this day.

The result is a generation of those who either pool their pensions with relatives as family hangers-on or become hermits preserving a dubious independence. All this could be altered for the better by means of State institutions or apartment blocks for those who have given up active life and are left without family relationships. . . .

No Means Test

And here's another:

I do wish to congratulate you on your splendid article in regard to old people living by themselves. . . .

I am an official of the old-age pensions association in this city and try to get those people who live by themselves to arrange to live with other pensioners. I am seventy-two myself, and if I had to live alone I should want to shuffle off this mortal coil.

I wish to thank JOHN BULL for supporting our claim for 30s. per week, and no means test.

And a third:

I hope you won't leave "Old People" where it was in the February issue, but return to the subject again later. In my town we have Eventide Homes erected by public subscription; in North London there are the Aged Pilgrims' Homes, and I also know about the Salvation Army's Eventide Homes.

It seems to me that something along those lines might be suggested to Lord Woolton in his reconstruction programme.

I am over seventy and fortunate in having a wife who is much younger; otherwise I should be up against the problem myself.

JOHN BULL is a great power in the land. So get to it!

Human problems are rarely isolated. The question of old people is inextricably entangled with that of their children, and their children's children. A grandmother in the home can be a source of endless comfort; she can also be more difficult than a problem child.

Old age demands a dignified independence

A mother is worried because her only child has no home life.

He is a good man, she writes, and does not drink or flirt, but he has no ambitions or hobbies and does nothing but sit and smoke. He rarely speaks at all, and when spoken to says: "Eh?" or "Aye."

His boots are never cleaned from the day they are bought till they are finished. He keeps the same shirt on for weeks and weeks. It is over two years since he had a bath. Now that the girl is growing up she notices these things.

We live in a good locality, and my girl used to be asked out to parties, but lately she has not been allowed to play with other children because her father goes about looking like a scarecrow.

Her father has no manners. He sits with his feet on the mantelpiece and never budges all evening.

Never Too Late

The letter is too long to quote in full, but enough has been quoted to indicate the problem. The mother wants to have her daughter sent to a boarding school. Failing that she wonders whether to separate from her husband.

The girl is too young for a boarding school yet, and I don't think the mother realises how expensive it would be. She has no grounds for seeking a legal separation.

The wife ought to have altered him at the beginning of their married life. Not many women would live with a man who never bathes. It is late to begin reforming him now, but I think she should assert herself, and with considerable emphasis.

Are the Old Mistakes Being Repeated?

TERRIBLE things are happening in Europe—strange things, too, that puzzle and confuse, things that depress and torture the mind.

Never was there such tragedy. And yet it would seem that, already, the mistakes of the last war are being repeated all over again!

Socialist voices went up in 1919 warning statesmen that the creation of the Danzig Corridor would lead to another conflict. None paid heed.

Twenty years later the gloomy prediction was justified by events that shook the world.

No Plebiscite

Now, once again, the threatened carve-up of Germany points to another catastrophe.

Most terrible of all the tragedies that haunt the consciences of the few who still seem to possess one is the extermination of the Jewish people.

In Europe, when the war started, there were about 5,000,000 Jews, of whom Poland found homes for 3,500,000. When Stalin moved up to the Curzon Line, 1,000,000 of these became Russians.

Of the 4,000,000 still outside Russia, there cannot now be more than 1,000,000 left, that is in the whole of Nazi-occupied Europe! The rest have been murdered in the worst pogrom in history.

In Poland, already, only about 250,000 still remain. And, unless help reaches them quickly, that remnant, too, will perish.

When the Nazis invaded it, there were from 20,000 to 30,000 Jewish children in France. There are now only 8,000!

All the others have either been killed or deported, or else they have "disappeared." Some wander, homeless, in gangs. Many do not know their names.

These 8,000 surviving Jewish children are without parents, who have been deported or murdered. Some do not know who they are, or in what towns they were born. For, when orphaned, they were too young to be told.

It is in vain, apparently, that leading churchmen of all sects have pleaded for asylum in Palestine for what few can be got out. "It would offend the Arabs," is the plea used, time after time, by Officialdom, despite the high principles of the Balfour Declaration.

Why, when Wavell had only a few divisions with which to defend Egypt for which not one Egyptian soldier fought, the Jews offered him more from Palestine; but he could not accept them! He could not "offend the Arabs"!

Yet, with those two extra divisions he might have defeated Rommel!

Even to-day the fact that two Jewish battalions have fought all the way from El Alamein to Italy—where they are still fighting—is kept as secret as possible "in case it would offend the Arabs."

They are always called "Palestinians," a new nationality having had to be invented to disguise the fact that they are Jews. For "Palestinians" suggests what is not true, that there are many Arabs among them.

Well, the Balfour Declaration was torn up years ago. Now the Atlantic Charter has been torn up also!

Under Clause 2 of the Atlantic Charter, which promised freedom of religion, freedom of speech, freedom from want and freedom from fear, no change was to change ownership without the consent of the population living there.

Yet, because Stalin insists on the Curzon Line as the Russian frontier, also on the absorption of Lithuania, Estonia and Latvia—and who could blame him, after all the Soviet victories?—a plebiscite is to be taken.

Wandering Germans?

Moreover, to placate the angry Poles who threaten not to help the advancing Russian armies, Poland has been offered, in the words of Churchill, compensatory territory "in the north and west" which, of course, means East Prussia and will be held by nationalistic Poles to mean also Pomerania and Silesia.

As, once again, no plebiscite will take place, "self-determination," one of the things pledged by the Atlantic Charter will be ignored.

Where, now, are the promises of a New Europe?

The transfer of East Prussia to Poland would mean, unless it were to become another Sudetenland, the removal of well over 2,000,000 Germans, and the making Polish of Pomerania and Silesia would mean another 7,000,000 would have to be transported, in case Sudeten problems were created there.

12,000,000 Homeless

As for Czechoslovakia, Dr. Benes will find himself, when peace comes, with 3,000,000 Germans, half of whom are Nazis, still resident on his soil, unless they have been massacred by the population.

His plan, it is said, is to shift them back into Germany also, for the presence on his country's soil was the excuse for the grabbing by Hitler of the finest new democracy in all Europe.

Now, if all these Germans are to be moved—and it means well over 12,000,000—they will have to find homes in Germany that is destitute, smashed to ruins, already unable to support those who still remain after the bombing.

Heaven help a Europe in which such a sore as that will have been made by the conquering Powers! What a gift to Goebbels! In such actions are the seeds of the future made.

Here we were, two or three years ago, promising the nations of Europe, conquerors and vanquished, equal

How Much Time Do We Waste On Swank?

I WONDER how many hundreds of hours per head and how many tens of millions of hours per population are wasted each year in swank. And I wonder why.

Also I wonder if only *people* swank. Do snakes? Do badgers? Peacocks seem to, but how are we to find out? We can't very well ask them. Indeed, the only man I ever knew who was on speaking terms with a peacock finished up in an inebriates' home, so that his evidence is not available.

★ ★ ★

I should say, at a very rough guess, that only human beings swank. And I *do* wonder why.

You see, swank takes them in the oddest ways. You might understand a man wanting to swank if he climbed to the top of Mount Everest. But he would swank just as easily if his great-great-uncle had climbed to the top of Mount Everest.

You could understand a certain amount of swank, I suppose, in a man who becomes an earl overnight. But I've known men swank because they've known earls to speak to. If in addition they've known them well enough to call them George, they've nearly gone mad with swank.

The places we could visit, the books we could read, the crops we could grow, the work we could do if we didn't waste the time we do in swanking!

A man may come down in the world, from living in Belgrave Square, say, to running a taxi for his bread-and-butter. He won't swank about that. He won't run around saying, "Please ride in my taxi, sir. I'm Lord Blank."

He'll keep it dark.

★ ★ ★

But . . .

I once knew a talkative taxi-man who assured me that many and many a time he had driven Lord Blank home in his cab. *That very cab.*

Proud of it?

You couldn't stop him swanking.

A. G.

Hannen Swaffer

hope they gave the world
n they signed the Atlantic
Charter must be fulfilled

resources of the globe. We were even the Germans that, after a of re-education, they would be d back into the human family. , suddenly, Churchill declares that tlantic Charter does not apply to ermans! The Atlantic Charter eant to apply to everybody.

Fears of Betrayal

ed, seeking to work it out into of reality, the Labour Governof Australia and New Zealand determined on joint action in the where they pledge themselves d the islands controlled by them interests of their security "in for the natives." Exploitation is they declare.

t, then, is our plan for the rest other parts of the same hemi—for Borneo, for Malaya, and for utch colonies? Is a narrow con- of "What we have we'll hold" ly to the islands under other than lian and New Zealand control? why should Americans be asked to them?

ady, liberal-minded opinion in the States is suspicious about our for the future of Asia, and in this y liberal-minded opinion is suspicious about the intentions of siness in the States, not only in to airports near American terribut in North Africa and many places

there is severe criticism that the of a pipe-line to Big Business by means a new-born American alism

n, unless civil aviation were inionally controlled Labour spokesarned the Government last week ership by rival nations would be it would inevitably lead to war! e suspicions are growing up, you many sides. There are fears he high ideals with which the war arted have already been betrayed. not wonder that even the judicial goes so far as to warn the nment that the task confronting when the hour of deliverance will not be to repair but to refrom the foundations," perhaps en to rebuild but rather to build and that neither "liberation" nor ration" nor material aid will be

less shattered and dismembered can find some new vision that forward rather than back," de- the *Times* in a long leading "some new leadership bold to survey her needs and probas a whole, her civilisation will perish."

e indeed are grave words, coming whence they do. And, this time, ave been said, not after a Peace ence, but before the war is over! ady, some can see the writing on all. Who is there, among the statesmen, who will heed?

VOICE OF THE TROOPS

★ **Have you an interesting letter from a relative in the Forces? ONE GUINEA will be paid for each one published—more if an adventure story used at greater length—and all the letters are returned. 10s. 6d. for Readers' Views. Address all letters to "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2**

IN the Mediterranean, wounded Germans taken on board our hospital ships are bewildered at first by the treatment they receive. Stan B. Johnson, R.N., serving in a hospital ship, writes to his parents at Stokesley Crescent, Billingham, Co. Durham:

The Supt. Sister was telling me the other day about the reactions of wounded German prisoners to our treatment of them. They come aboard, and the least they seem to expect is that they will be boiled in oil, or eaten alive.

They remain sullen and quiet for the first day, fearing the worst and viewing the R.N. surgeons and sisters with suspicion. No groans escape their lips as wounds are dressed—and a machine-gun bullet can leave a nasty hole in a man.

After two days or so they begin to feel better and start to talk among themselves. They begin to have a smile for the Duty Sister as she makes her rounds. So gradually the German propaganda to the effect that we cut up wounded prisoners into small pieces begins to lose its hold on these men's minds, and they become almost human.

These Germans have to learn that we hit hard when battle is on, but we play the game when handling prisoners, wounded or fit.

Many Like it Clean

Straight comment on an E.N.S.A. show sent out to the Forces in the Middle East comes from A.C. B. Trever, R.A.F., in a letter to his sister at Spital Street, Newport, Lincoln:

The much-boosted —— show kindly provided for us by E.N.S.A. was very disappointing; in fact, what the show lacked in talent was made up in dirt. It was, to say the least, filthy, and most of us came away disgusted.

I don't know what these people think we are, but they have got the wrong ideas. The fact that there were women in the audience made not the slightest difference. It is time something was done about this matter.

Strange Reward

Back in England after being seriously wounded in Italy, an R.A. man has a grievance, and writes to a friend in the North:

The last promised operation did not come off, as the surgeon thought it was too risky, so I was sent out to the convalescent depot.

I am now graded B.7, which means that I am just not wanted in the Army for anything useful except to be pushed around. Also, to cheer me up, I have been bumped down in rank, presumably because I had the misfortune to be wounded. The official explanation being that I am unable to carry on my former Army job of work—as if that was my fault! So in rank I am back where I started two years ago.

The moral seems to be, don't get wounded—or else!

Into action they go—and at night there's a green light to guide them

Following the "Green Light" when attacking enemy positions is a nerve-racking business. Pte. W. R. Jones, Gordon Highlanders, writes to a friend:

The order has been given to move forward. No more waiting, and there is little time now to think of anything except the little green light which bobs about in front of us as we move up to attack.

The Intelligence Officer is carrying that light on his back as he advances two hundred yards in front of the whole battalion. He is leading us towards our objective—the German positions. While the light remains at green we can advance walking upright, but when it switches to red we get down to it and crawl, for by now we are almost on the enemy.

In front of us the I.O. carries on alone in the dark, keeping ahead of us. His next step may mean a hail of steel from the enemy's guns.

But for a time the light remains at green and our eyes ache with concentrating on it. Each little sound as we press forward is magnified a thousand-fold in our ears.

We follow the green light that twinkles and dances before us, disappearing as it does for brief intervals as the officer slips into a hollow. Then for a few seconds we feel utterly lost in the blackness of the night.

Now it seems that we have been advancing for hours, but the luminous hands of my watch tell me that it is only half an hour since we started.

Then at last the green light flicks to red, and we get down and crawl forward. This is it! A blazing yellow rocket flares into the black sky as Jerry senses that something is about to happen.

For a few seconds everything seems strangely quiet until the enemy guns begin to spit out their "tracers" towards us. Now the whole front is lit up. Verey lights climb the night sky; all colours, red, green, yellow, and white.

The mortars begin to cough into action, and the shells begin to whine their way overhead. The night has become full of screaming sound, the earth seems to quiver beneath our feet, and the battle is on.

One Happy Greek

At some towns in the war area in Italy shops long closed are being reopened, but prices are steep. Sig. W. E. Evans writes to his aunt at Prince Edward Road, Billericay, Essex:

Almost every day we see another shop with its doors open for the first time since the Germans retreated, but the prices of goods on sale make you think twice—and then you don't buy.

For instance, in the reopened shoe shop I saw a nice pair of shoes priced at 85s. You can have one guess as to whether I was a buyer or not.

Last Sunday I was able to make a young Greek kiddie very happy by taking her out for the first time since she reached here as a refugee.

It happens that I have a few friends at the refugee camp whom I go to see. These include the little girl, who has been in the camp hospital for six months.

I managed to "hire" a staff car, which is no mean feat, and on Sunday morning I called for the little invalid, her father and two of their friends, and off we went to see the country.

That little Greek girl was the happiest child in the world for a few hours.

Merchant Navy Forum

Fish and Ships!

● "It means," said the Food Ministry's new Director of Fish Supplies, "that fish must make up deficiencies which may appear elsewhere."

That was on January 11, 1944. On February 22, fishermen at a port somewhere in south-west England were trying to recall an Eve of Lent when not a single fish was landed on the quay.

Last December the Labour Ministry announced a new Essential Work Order for trawler fishing. It meant that all trawlermen would register into a Pool; owners would be registered too.

The Ministry went on to say: "Regular work will be provided for registered men. They will be given one day's holiday with pay for every month of service, and while in the Pool reserve waiting for their next trip they will be paid 15s. a day for skippers, 12s. 6d. a day for mates and chief engineers, and 10s. a day for other ratings." Did it work? "Did it heck!" writes a trawlerman to "Forum."

British fishermen are the only primary producers to-day who, despite all Ministerial activities, receive neither guaranteed wages nor a *guaranteed price* for their products.

In 1944 we dump much of the trawl back into the ocean!

"Forum" suggests it is high time British fishermen had a new a real Charter.

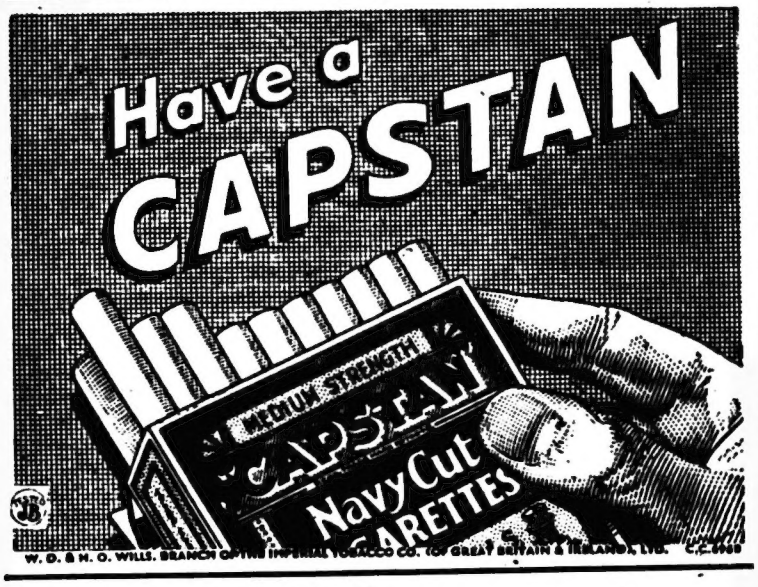
One more vital point: At certain Merchant Navy clubs and hostels fishermen are being refused admittance, argument being that their British Seamen's Identity Cards do not bear their fingerprints.

Then why were fishermen ever issued with the M.N. badge if they are not "seamen"!

★ *In the districts where you can get it—*

Make do with ONE slice of RYVITA with each meal

WE MUST SHARE IT ROUND VERY CAREFULLY



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THE PURRING CONTEST

"The purring contest is in a fortnight, and I couldn't purr properly to save my nine lives!"

"Hullo! TIBS! Good old Mistress! I feel like purring already."

"Yes, it's me! PURR-PURR-purr-purr-purr-purr-PURR-R-R-R!"

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LAST LAUGH

B. M. (Edinburgh).—"My doctor never tells me the worst." He puts that in writing?

SUE (Plaistow).—"I am a soldier's daughter not yet twenty and I have been asked to marry twice in one week." Was that the week when father was on leave?

B. P. (Brigg).—"When I am going home late and the policeman says 'Good-night, sir,' I know that old England still stands where she did." Even if the policeman seems to be wobbling a trifle.

STATESMAN (London).—"To say in our days, bad as they are, that all men are liars would be altogether too sweeping." You think it should be merely "All statesmen are . . .." etc.?

W. S. (Glasgow).—"I am a keen student of the theatre, and have a comprehensive knowledge of the works and lives of our greatest playwrights." See letter below.

MRS. S. (Glasgow).—"When at the theatre seeing a play by Oliver Goldsmith, I was heartily ashamed when at the final curtain my husband jumped to his feet and shouted: 'Author! Author!'" See letter above.

A. N. (Glasgow). — "I hate children who are always asking for information." We dislike those who are always giving it.

C. L. (Orpington).—"What kind of work will war correspondents do when peace comes?" Well, there will always be ice-hockey, bargain sales, and annual meetings of City companies.

W. B. (Fleet). — "Goebbels, according to an American writer who knew him, was very silent as a boy." Later, of course, he was thoroughly wired for sound

W. N. (Norwood).—"A soldier on leave from the Middle East says he finds England very peaceful." It hasn't been broken to him yet that there's an E.N.S.A. here, too.

S. B. (Edgware).—"One can still see a 'crocodile' of schoolgirls walking sedately through a country town." If there's anything doing in the shopping line it can always stop and form a ready-made queue.

F. K. (Falmouth).—"It is not considered likely that the meat ration will be cut." It can always be minced.

OLD BILL: BY BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

"Oh, yus, they've made it much 'arder for civilians to go to Ireland lately. Terrible strict, it is. Only spies and suchlike can get over easy now!"

Side-Slips

EVENING NEWS: "... has given up his position as head of the BACKSHIRTS ..."

EVENING STANDARD: "... that Turkish officers have been given HEALED orders ..."

EVENING NEWS: "THANKS are supporting all German counter-attacks."

SUNDAY MERCURY: "... makers to use no more than 44 lb. of MEAT in a pram ..."

GLASGOW BULLETIN: "... enthusiastic scenes in which the Lebanese police joined the crows filling the city's streets."

HUDDERSFIELD EXAMINER:—"At the Old Bailey the defence was a PEA of insanity."

GREATEST OF THESE

● Now, more than at any other time of the year, do we all need good food. You have to make up for the strain of the long winter months, and to arm yourself against the treacherous winds and rains of Spring.

Yet some people are not drawing their full rations. They can't afford the cost.

The man who served his country in two great wars (and his country means you and all the rest of us) is lying in hospital. And when he "gets his ticket" he will simply come out to renew that search for "light work" that never seems available.

All of which simply means that for a long time his wife has to try to keep home on a pittance.

It means something more.

However much she goes short herself, she still cannot afford for her young children all that she would like to give them and all that they ought to have. So you will not wonder that a sick ex-Serviceman tosses uneasily in his hospital bed and his wife lies awake at nights with worry.

There are many such cases known to us. We would like to help them all. We *can* help them all if you will do your bit.

Whether your bit is large or small, it will be welcomed and gratefully acknowledged. And the costs of distributing it will gladly be borne by JOHN BULL.

Please send your donation to the Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund,* Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, earmarking your envelope "War Sufferers."

**Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."*

£100 plus Radio—"Bullets" 1,4

W. Alexander, 60, Leamington A... Sundridge Park, Bromley, for ... "Bullet" :—

WITHOUT A FUTURE

HITLER—BEWARE FUTURE KITL...

£10: S. Harrison, 12, Curwen St., Workington—**Up To The Brim—Or "Victory's Empty.**

£5: E. Oliver, 67, Dens Rd., Dundee, A... **A Lovely Day—When ... "Umbrella" Up.**

£4: H. Ross, "Dublin," Ramsgate Rd., Broadst... **In Ger Kleinestie—Mother's "Kaptain" And "Contortionist"!**

£3: A. Spink, 34, Cornwall Rd., Bradford. **Up To The Avalanche—Hitler Looks ... "Quicksand."**

£2: L. Thorpe, 206, Manchester Rd., Denton, ... **Listening To Neighbour's — Radio — ... Alarm-clock—Radio—!**

£75 for 4 LETTERS

6 Prizes of 20s.:

H. Eva, 6, Headland Rd., Newquay, Cornwall—**Optimist v Pessimist—Go-ahead v "Woe Ahead"**

S. J. Evans, 11, Stoke Rd., Leighton Buzzard—**Without A Future—According To *Century Two*.**

B. Giles, Greenway, Little Bushey Lane, ... Heath.—**Bevin's Boys—Above Whining—Below, ...**

M. Hearn, 9, Heather Ave., Felixstowe Rd., ... **Work That's Waiting—"Mountain" Behind "Fi... Hill."**

F. Sharp, 79, Spring Bank, Grimsby. **Ahead Of Britain—Victory's "Basque"? ... Basque!**

M. Willey, 175, Alverthorpe Rd., Wakefield. **Panic-stricken—Horse, White *Mouse* "Op...** A list of 25 winners of Fruit Cakes can be ... these offices; 1,000 Merit Awards have been ...

"FIVERS" FOR 1...

WON IN "LAUGH-LINES"

Most meritorious entries were decided by ... Judication Committee to be those bearing the ... LETTERS in order C—A—D—B entered by ... 15 competitors, who thus share £75:—T. J. ... Blackburn; Mrs. L. Brown, Mountain Ash; ... L. Cater, Llanharan; Miss G. Fairhurst, ... Mrs. C. Roseyeatt, Redmiston; Mrs. A. ... Gilwern; L. Jones, Wirral; J. R. Long, ... Sgt. D. Mackey, Somewhere-in-Britain; ... Brechin; F. Pittman, Thornton Heath; ... Darton West; Miss A. Talbot, Forest Hill; ... Webb, Birmingham; Pte. E. Wyer, Somewhere-in-Britain.

Award for 1st Runners-up shared between ... with FIRST THREE letters in order ... Runners-up Awards for 494 entrants with FIRST ...

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A 510

Win Your Easter Cash!

TRY LAUGH-LINES!

Prizes value over £100, all to reach winners in good time for Easter, are waiting in this quick, easy and amusing *Laugh-Lines* Contest.

Enjoy a minute or so chuckling over the prize smiles below—then fill in FOUR KEY LETTERS to form your entry as instructed on your coupon. Post it not later than Monday, March 20, and look out for a big cash Easter Egg!

£100 PRIZES VALUE OVER £75 FIRST PRIZE 1st and 2nd PRIZEWINNERS—Free UP AWARDS value over £25

XWORDS Send 1d. stamp for Gazette containing Xword Offer to:—Gazette Dept., 1, Slingsby Place, London, W.C.2.

A. In Dad's Diary—"Please Mend My Pockets!"
B. Grandpa's A Warden, So—Whistle Went—Teeth Followed!
C. Looking At Clue—Village Policeman—Unravelling Moustache!
D. Almost Bursting—Sonny—Shouting "Tap's Frozen!"
E. Heard In The Train—"You're Biting My Sandwich!"
F. Stopped The Fight—"Give Him One, Sandy!"
H. Foggy—So Team Played Twelve!
J. Our Foreman—Likeable? Like A Bull!
K. What Paddy Said—"He Retaliated First, Sir!"

GIVE KEY LETTERS of 4 BEST LAUGH LINES" - ENTRY COLS BELOW

1ST 2ND 3RD 4TH

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Carefully select the FOUR most humorous, apt and original "Bullets" from list. Then show your judgment of their order of merit by giving FOUR KEY LETTERS ONLY in columns of this entry coupon. Additional columns for extra attempts if desired. Address entry as at foot of page—or enclose with "Bullets" entry.

I agree to Rules and enclose the correct P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin dated April 1.

P.O. Value... No.....

Signed .....

Address .....

CLOSING POSTMARK MONDAY, MAR. 20.

160

OVER 500 'LAUGH-LINES' PRIZES WON THIS WEEK—SEE RESULT ON PAGE 14

RULES 1.—Bullets First Prize will be awarded for best Bullet received and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. Laugh-Lines First to entrant who in any one column submits, IN INK, the most meritorious placing of four most humorous, apt and original Bullets, as decided by Expert Committee of Bullets Judges. The divide and not more than one Laugh-Lines prize per Contest to any one entrant. 2.—The Editor undertakes that all entries in Bullets and Laugh-Lines shall receive careful consideration by a staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps—6d. per two Bullets and 6d. per three Laugh-Lines columns used. Two Bullets FREE with each four paid; three Laugh-Lines columns FREE with each nine paid. Plain paper entries allowed in both Contests. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, crossed /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces half-rate if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries accepted only on condition that results of this week's Contests, published in JOHN BULL dated April 8, and Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and families not eligible.

£100 CASH PLUS £25 RADIO

—BULLETS' DOUBLE-FIRST RADIO and 50 Big EASTER CAKES!

OTHER PRIZES £10-£5-£4 £3-£2 & 50 FINE 4lb. EASTER CAKES

THIS WAY to a "BULLETS" PRIZE

TO make a *Bullet* simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. Winners on page 14 (and *Laugh-Lines* above) show you various ways to score. Joy Wire Day—Friday, Mar. 31.

SMITING THE HUN
HEALTH OF THE NATION
PLAN WE'D WELCOME
HITLER'S HOPING
KEY TO PROSPERITY
ROUND THE HOUSES
EMPTY WORDS
WAITING BREATHLESSLY
HAS TO BE GOOD
AT THE ELEVENTH HOUR

BULLETS 1,414 RESULT appears on page 14

SCREAMING
FARMER OF TO-DAY
MORE FOOD
FEAR OF THE FUTURE
FOOLISH OPTIMISM
WRECKED THEIR MARRIAGE
IN THE HOME
SONNY'S RABBIT
TO TELL THE TRUTH
DAD'S GOT A STRIPE, SO

Six "Examples" below for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Make "Bullets" from them as usual.

WARNING TO .....
DREAMING ABOUT .....
GOES FOR .....
INTERFERING WITH .....
IN NEED OF .....
ON GERMAN .....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—enter in blank margin below.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets, my remittance including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin dated April 1. IF INK RUNS, USE PLAIN PAPER OF COUPON SIZE

P.O. Value.....
No. .....
Closing Postmark, Monday, MAR. 20
1,416

Signed .....
Address .....

ADDRESS ENTRY "Bullets" 1,416—or "Laugh-Lines" 100, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

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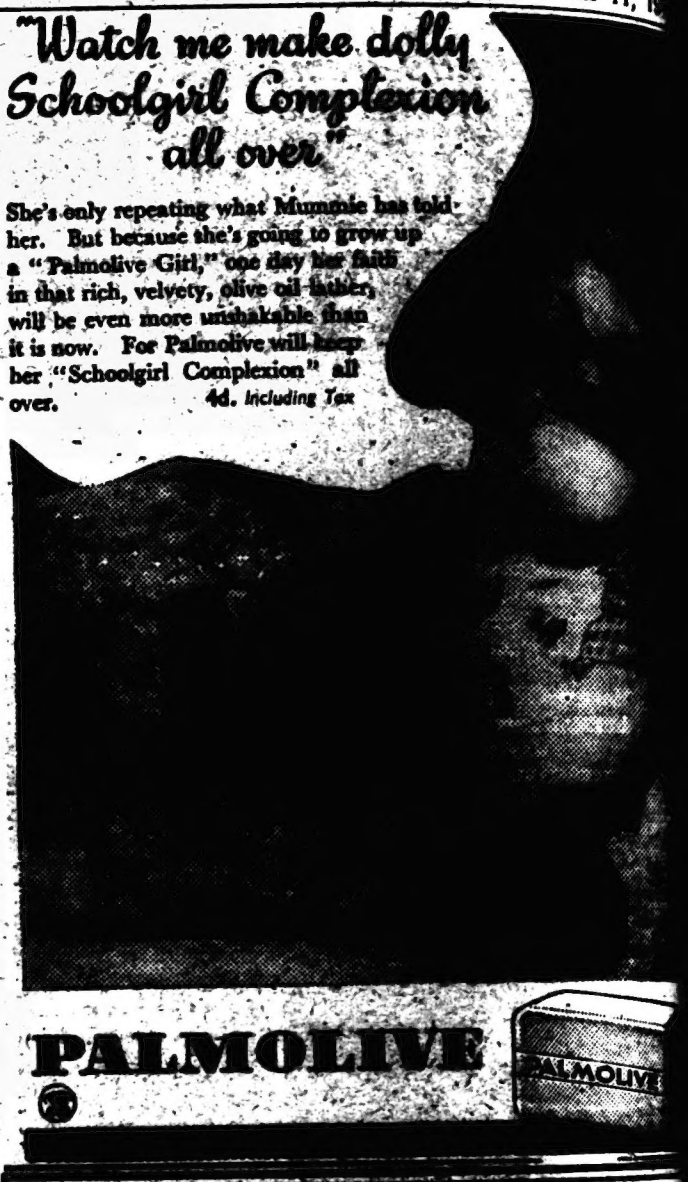
"Watch me make dolly Schoolgirl Complexion all over"

She's only repeating what Mummie has told her. But because she's going to grow up a "Palmolive Girl," one day her faith in that rich, velvety, olive oil lather, will be even more unshakable than it is now. For Palmolive will keep her "Schoolgirl Complexion" all over. 4d. Including Tax



PALMOLIVE

"REPAIR SQUAD, PLEASE!"

Yesterday . . . in the garage . . . repairing cars . . . "a little trouble with the plugs, sir? Soon get that fixed!" Today a soldier—right in the thick of it . . . shells bursting . . . snipers taking a crack at him. But he does it! And repairs another tank—ready for action! Salute his toughness—his endurance! Salute the Soldier—with more savings! Let us all vow to-day to mobilize our money—by cutting spending and increasing lending. Let us lend to our country—and so lend practical help to "the boys out there!"

SALUTE THE SOLDIER

Issued by the National Savings Committee

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When you experience the swift, certain relief from pain and minor ills that 'ASPRO' brings the gain is double. You feel an almost immediate sensation of well-being, and the mind is freed to function positively and actively once more. The pain, feverish feeling or uneasiness is soothed away in a few minutes by 'ASPRO'. The depressing negative effects go too. Often the knotty problem of an hour ago seems to solve itself, and you tackle a tricky job with a will. That is why 'ASPRO' makes a real contribution to the national effort. Millions benefit from its quick action healing service. Many are saved from lying up—helped to carry on with full efficiency producing the nation's vital needs.

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H. WITHINGTON, of Partington, Cheshire, writes:—"We are constantly asked for 'ASPRO' tablets by our shift workers who call them the 'WONDER TABLET' for their quick action."

'ASPRO'

Helps you to work with a will

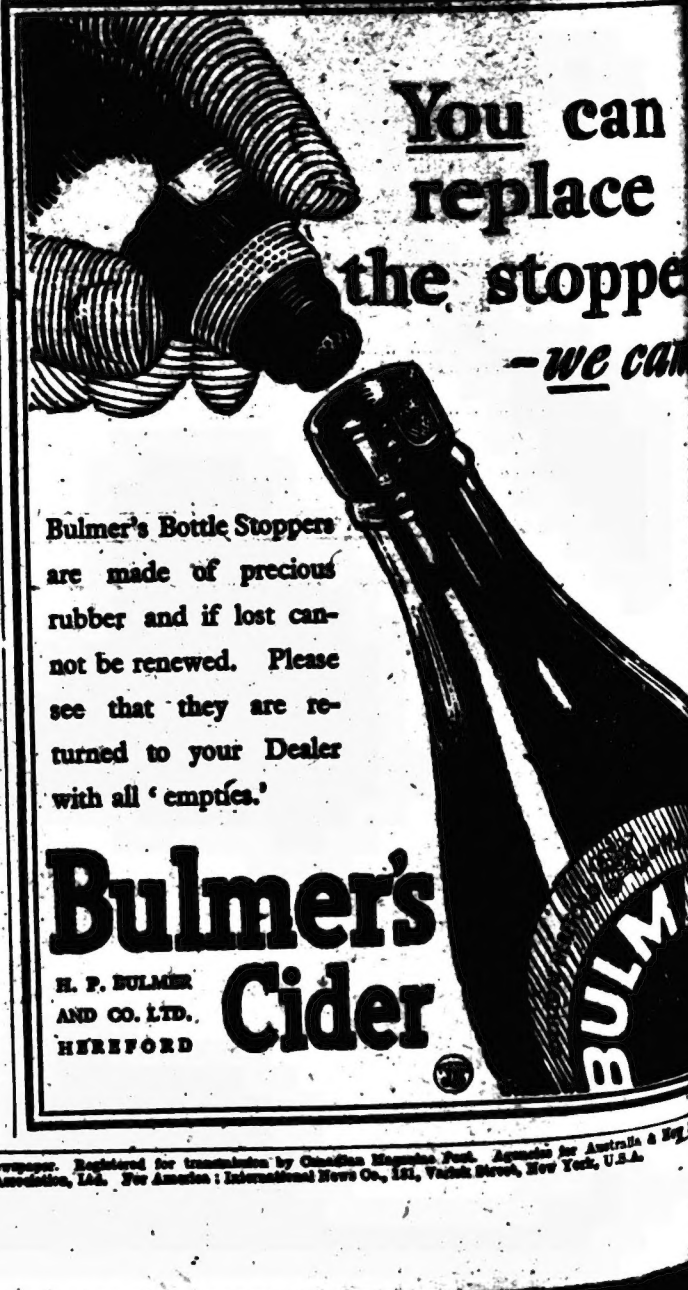
Prices: 3½, 6½ & 1/3½

(Purchase Tax included).

ASPRO

Made by ASPRO LIMITED Slough, Bucks.

OF ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES



You can replace the stopper—we can

Bulmer's Bottle Stoppers are made of precious rubber and if lost cannot be renewed. Please see that they are returned to your Dealer with all 'empties.'

Bulmer's Cider

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